

From the North British Review.

The Works of John Owen, D. D. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM H. GOULD, Edinburgh. Vols. 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14, (to be completed in Fifteen Volumes.) London and Edinburgh. 1850-51.

Two hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighboring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernar and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannon-balls and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall, reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragoons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalene.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognize the progress of the man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan—whilst in his easy, unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but, were it not for the reverences of obsequious beaules and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignity. That old-fashioned divine—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a royalist and prelatist, but withal the Hebrew professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for "no Latiner," and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the vice-chancellor, who, when the parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham, he meets the up-breaking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the university has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its inhabitants, "with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the royalists. Their companion is the famous physician, Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the vice-chancellor's own door, the

Oxford prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to show them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honorable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbor, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullion vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town, with the proud earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of royalty. But—

That place that doth contain

My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;

And sometimes for variety I confer

With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial—but there are grateful memories and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, yon volume kept its owner up all night, and its neighbor introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr. Wilkins' lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that his evening lamp is lit, let us survey the doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglotts of Antwerp

and Paris, the Critici Sacri and Poli Synopsis. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopus, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behavior. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis—Kimechi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish—behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spenser, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the latest brochures of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.*

This night, however, the doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed, the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Ca-

* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 345,) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May, 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "considering the doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a foot-note, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Non-conformist libraries, viz., Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacob's, which sold for £1300; Dr. Bates' which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans', which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "it is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "Bibliotheca Oweniana; sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Edis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumque conscriptis; quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam." In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which considered together, perhaps, for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for, the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2389. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Machride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

ractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a-night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, and, in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigor of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vain-glorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and, although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbors. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford

some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry, and Joseph Alleine, went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognize the non-conformist, neither did she forget the republican who patronized the royalists, and the independent who befriended the prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and, after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shown at once its patience and its piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience further tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognize among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Anglesea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to their studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides, during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August, 1683, he dictated a note to his like-minded friend, Charles Fleetwood: "I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the

ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.*

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish . . . and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious cotemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of reorganizing the universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, showed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendancy, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thompson, (*Life of Owen*, p. cvi.) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or

*A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (*Memoirs*, p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split with lightning, has never been repaired.

study, whether for conversation or public speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "show himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope, who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behavior in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervor of Baxter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade, or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with Gospel blessedness. And, like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of iron-sides, in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the king's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly ex-

press the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True; gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvass; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read:—"It carrieth in it a great condescency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through Him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern-Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward for the doing it, in the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognize in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel," whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy," would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.* In the same way, that the

* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr. Owen often reminds us of

effectiveness of his controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant incumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linneus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtle distinction, as soon as some master-principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendancy. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, meliorated by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred enclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a phi-

an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

Philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where taste and reason alternate with revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And, without alleging that a long process of personal solitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed, which is preëminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenes; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons:—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life reappear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves, they will be astonished at the mass of scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly sub-

servient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for the purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the *Life of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh*, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned; to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that, instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr. Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can, to counteract the sceptical and pragmatic tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrino-practical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The *Essays of Foster*, and the *Sermons of Chalmers* excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognize is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the eclectic eye of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "Horse Homileticæ;" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott diluted or Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "Skeletons," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and

active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labor of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Gould. Dr. Thomson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellencies, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

THE *Builder* describes the improved omnibuses recently introduced at Glasgow and Liverpool. "These are considerably roomier than the metropolitan ones, and are drawn by three horses abreast, separated by two poles. About a third, in centre, of the roof, is raised, so that you can walk upright in the central gangway. The sides of this raised portion are louvred, in bays; consequently, the occasion for the windows being made to open is done away with; sash-margins are thus rendered unnecessary; and the plate-glass occupies the whole space between the uprights, giving the vehicle a light and elegant appearance. Along at the bottom of the louvres, each side, is a brass hand-rail, by which you guide yourself, instead of making free with the knees of gentle and simple, on your way in and out. The back end of the raised portion projects with a hollowed slope, so as to form a little penthouse, which the conductor can take the benefit of in wet weather; the other end has a similar termination behind the driver's seat. The communication between conductor and driver is by means of a fixed clock-bell behind the driver's feet, which gives one good stroke on the conductor pulling a trigger. The fare is twopence, which will take you as far as from Charing Cross to the Bank."

IMPROVEMENT IN SPY GLASSES.—The London papers, in speaking of works of art in the great Exhibition, mention a newly invented very small powerful waistcoat pocket glass, the size of a walnut, by which a person can be seen and known one and a half miles distant; they answer every purpose on the race-course, at the opera houses, country scenery, and ships are clearly seen at twelve and fourteen miles; they are invaluable for hunting, shooting, deer stalking, yachting, to sportsmen, gentlemen, game-keepers, and tourists.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Eine Instruction des Staatskanzlers von Hardenberg.* Mitgetheilt von Dr. JOH. JACOBY. Deutsche Monatsschrift von Ad. Kolaczek. December, 1850. Stuttgart. Hoffmansche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
2. *Russische Circulardepesche*, an die Bevollmächtigten Sr. Maj. des Kaisers zur vertraulichen Mittheilung an die bezüglichen Deutschen Regierungen. 1834.
3. *Lettres sur la Hongrie.* Par M. DE SZALAY. Zurich. 1849.

WHEN Thomas May, that staid old Roman, gave himself to writing the history of the Long Parliament, he presented his readers with some account of the feelings and speeches of different parties in the kingdom, with regard to the long suspension of parliaments that had preceded, and about the irregular and arbitrary measures of the court which followed naturally enough from such a policy. "The serious and just men of England," he writes, "who were no way interested in the emoluments of these oppressions, could not but entertain sad presages of what mischiefs must needs follow so great an injustice: that things carried so far on, in a wrong way, must needs either enslave themselves and their property forever, or require a vindication so sharp and smarting as that the nation would groan under it. Another sort of men, and especially lords and gentlemen, by whom the pressures of the government were not much felt, who enjoyed their own plentiful fortunes, with little or insensible detriment, looking no further than their present safety and property, and the yet undisturbed peace of the nation, whilst other kingdoms were embroiled in calamities, and Germany sadly wasted by a sharp war, did nothing but applaud the happiness of England, and called them ungrateful and factious spirits who complained of the breach of laws and liberties. The kingdoms, they said, abounded with wealth, plenty, and all kind of elegancies, more than ever. That it was for the honor of a people that their monarch should live splendidly, and not be curbed at all in his prerogative, which would bring him into greater esteem with other princes, and more enable him to prevail in treaties. That what they suffered by monopolies was insensible, and not grievous, if compared with other states. That the Duke of Tuscany sat heavier on his people in that very kind. That the French king had made himself an absolute lord, and quite depressed the power of parliaments, which had been there as great as in any kingdom, and yet that France flourished, and the gentry lived well. That the Austrian princes, especially in Spain, laid heavy burdens on their subjects. The courtiers would begin to dispute against parliaments in their ordinary discourse, and hoped the king should never need any more parliaments. Some of the gravest statesmen and privy councillors would ordinarily laugh at the ancient language of England, when the words—liberty of the subject was named." It has ever been thus. You cannot give liberty to a nation without forcing it to a large extent upon the unworthy—upon men beset with a selfishness thus contracted and base-born. In our own time, speechmakers of this sort have not been wanting. With many, though happily with much fewer comparatively than at any preceding period in our history, to use "the ancient language of England" about "the liberty of the subject," is still to find yourself classed among

"ungrateful and factious spirits;" while in the condition of a people possessing material comforts, it may be "wealth, plenty, and all kind of elegancies," these far-seeing and large-hearted persons find an ample vindication of the *regime* to which such a people may be subject, though it should be as absolute as that of a "Duke of Tuscany," or of "the Austrian princes." We owe it to "the serious and just men of England" in that time, and in later time, that we and our children have not been delivered into such hands.

According to Montesquieu, it is in the nature of despotism that it should cut down the tree to get at the fruit. No doubt the administration of absolute power is not of necessity thus summary. It may be more or less short-sighted—more or less pernicious. But even in its best state, the material prosperity which it secures may be less than the good even of that lowest kind which it prevents. It is ever harmful—not always so harmful as it might be. It may not cut down the tree at a stroke, but it may sever some of its goodliest branches, and leave it to become sickly from the want of proper culture, so that its fate will be to die by little and little. If even well cared for, it may be, and commonly is, with a care very much of the sort which the man "whose talk is about bullocks" bestows upon his quadrupeds. The good keeping is with an eye to the good return. Can any man look at certain of our continental states and need further proof or illustration on these points?

But while the absolutist derives advantage from the material wealth of his subjects, their intelligence and moral culture must ever be at variance with his maxims, and dangerous to the continuance of his power. It is not good, in his sight, that subjects should be capable of seeing that the work done by him might be done much more wisely; nor that there should be in them the feeling to suggest that it might be done—*ought* to be done, more justly, more humanely. Hence, at this hour, every expression of opinion to this effect, on public affairs, is suppressed by the absolutists of the continent, from Moscow to Naples. All things now tend to show that the great monarchies of Europe are not to be upheld, except by becoming tyrannies more intolerable than this quarter of the globe has ever witnessed. In the most corrupt times of the Roman empire, the sufferings of civilized men were trivial compared with what is now before them; if the present military rule is to be perpetuated. The free spirit to be suppressed is broader and deeper than has had existence in Europe, or in the history of humanity before, and the coercions to keep it down must surpass in Diabolism all that has gone before, if they are to be successful.

"Keep the army," said Henrietta to Charles I., "and that will bring back all." But the popular leaders in the English parliament were as much alive to the importance of that article in the pending negotiations as the queen, and resolved on civil war rather than cede the command of the forces to the crown. It would have been to trust their property, their liberties, their lives, to the honor of the king; and that, in the circumstances, was more than could be reasonably demanded from them. In the recent changes on the continent, the army was left at the disposal of the sovereigns, and that alone, in the case of each of them, has been sufficient to "bring back all." What our parliamentarians feared at the hands of Charles I., the constitutionalists of Italy, Austria, and Germany, have

experienced at the hands of their princes. Charles I., beyond a doubt, would have violated every solemn pledge, on the first fitting occasion, as these men have done. NO FAITH WITH SUBJECTS—is the royal maxim now made but too familiar to the mind of Europe. It will be remembered when the next turn of the wheel shall give subjects their power over sovereigns. All hope of constitutionalism for the chief monarchies of the continent may be said to have come to an end—that is, all hope of preserving those monarchies by allying them with popular institutions, has become manifestly vain. Every such adjustment—every such *constituting* of things, supposes mutual trust, and mutual trust is gone. One stipulation deemed strictly necessary in such monarchies is, that the king, if he be an hereditary king, should have the command of the army; and will the injured peoples of the continent ever dispose of that power after the same manner again, if it should once more come into their hands? It is by their care to save monarchy, that those communities have all but destroyed themselves. We venture to predict that they will give little sign of such care in the time to come. The absolutists know this full well, and they are taking their measures accordingly. They have now the command of their armies, they have resolved to do their best to keep possession of that power, and they have staked everything on the desperate chance of being able to rule purely by the sword. All the social and mental degradation, and all the corruptness both in morals and religion, which a thorough military despotism has ever entailed, are to be diffused, and, as far as possible, made hereditary, among some three-fourths of the people of Europe! Even more; as is the hatred of all such rule among the people who are to be made subject to it, so, as we have said, must be the strength and mercilessness of this power if it is to retain its ascendancy. To be successful, it must be a more awful embodiment of evil than history has hitherto recorded.

Happily, we see nothing in the capacities of the men who have given themselves to this enterprise to warrant us in supposing that they will be successful. This grand conspiracy of princes against peoples, of monarchs against men, will explode, and those who have committed themselves to it will probably perish in its ruins. But with this probability before us, we feel disposed to look a little beyond it, and to ask ourselves what is likely to come next?—what in the condition of the continental states is the most to be desired as coming next? We are ourselves constitutionalists—constitutionalists after the old English fashion. We have no wish to part with king, lords, or commons. But we are far from thinking that anything like a counterpart of the institutions so designated among us, is either desirable or possible in the case of the great majority of the people of Europe, as at present conditioned. Indeed, we begin to suspect that great mischief has resulted from the pedantic attempts that have been made in this direction. The course of true liberty, and of true social improvement would probably have been better served if the chief actors in the late changes on the continent had thought less of the historical constitution of the English, and of the paper constitutions of the French, and more about the practicable and the reasonable in their own special circumstances. It may be very agreeable to our vanity to suppose that England is destined to become the normal school in politics for all the world; but there are many cir-

cumstances which suggest that we should be careful to judge of our mission in this respect with a little more discrimination and modesty than is sometimes brought to the subject. In the present state of Sardinia we see how monarchy may be allied with free institutions even on the continent; but if you travel from the Rhine to Sicily you will see that the communities are few among whom such an order of things is at present possible. There must be a vast displacement of the things that are, before anything so much wiser and better can come into existence.

Among all the people that have been subdued by the military reaction on the continent, the Germans appear to have been in the least degree the object of English sympathy. Poland, Italy, and Hungary, have found their advocates in the public press and in public assemblies, while Germany, not less disappointed, not less sorrow-smitten under her blighted hopes, looks in vain for those expressions of generous and kindly feeling, which, if insufficient to remedy the past, have their value with the unfortunate, as tending to revive and sustain hope for the future.

Among the reasons which may be assigned for this apathy concerning the fate of the German people, there are two standing in near relationship to each other which we regard as being at the foundation of all the rest—viz., the singular complicated nature of the evils with which that country is beset; and the failure of certain remedies in their case, which the physicians skilled in such practice have been wont to regard as of universal efficacy.

When the enthusiasm of a patriotic people has been opposed and subdued by a foreign power, the generous are naturally alive to the wrong and outrage thus perpetrated. The Pole, the Hungarian, the Italian—all are before us in these circumstances. But if we except the atrocious case of Hesse-Cassel, which our experience as constitutionalists prepares us readily to understand, almost everything German is felt to be a very labyrinth the moment we approach it. To see the nature of the late constitutional struggle in that country, we need to go through the discussions of more than thirty different assemblies, to institute inquiries as to the rival pretensions of as many sovereigns, and to observe the relations of all these parties to the central power, which each endeavors to render as subservient as possible to his particular interest. We need to be observant, moreover, of the characteristics of some half-dozen different races, in different degrees of civilization, who, while subject to the same heavy yoke, are bent upon hostility against each other. Nor must we omit the mysteries of European diplomacy, whose handy-work depends not a little on the keeping up of that inextricable confusion of states and nations in the centre of Europe, upon which its crafty genius has been exercised for so many generations.

Such are some of the difficulties that must be surmounted by the man who would arrive at anything like a just view of the German question. We scarcely need say, that this is a task more likely to be inviting to the patience of the antiquary, than to become a favorite subject in our popular literature, or with our dealers in popular politics. The people at large do not trouble themselves much about what they feel they do not understand; while the large class of our politicians who imagine that they understand everything,

write down every question as hopeless that does shape itself to their mind when tested by one of their never-failing formulæ: and our diplomatists, who must also affect to know everything, are in fact well content to ignore a question, which, so long as it remains undecided, allows of their so remaining themselves. It is flattering to human vanity to be able to trace our own usage or habit to some general principle so elevated and comprehensive as to be fit to become a law or model for humanity. But with a due admiration of our Teutonic institutions, and with a sufficient dislike of all attempts to displace what has come to us from our history and experience as a people in favor of untried schemes upon paper, we cannot be insensible to the fact that the struggle for constitutional liberty on the continent has not been, and never can be, in more than a very partial extent, the same with our own. It is not there, as it has been with us, a purely domestic question, carried on by a government on one side and a people on the other, without being mixed up with foreign relationships and foreign interferences. The mutual dependencies of the continental states, resulting as they do from their geographical position, and their conjoint history through so many centuries, must of necessity have influenced their internal condition in ways of which we are little conscious; and as the impediments to be removed are different, so the best means of removing them may be such as we should not ourselves be the most competent to devise. Few Englishmen are aware of what we owe as a people to the apparent accident which has made our country an island—by placing the channel between Dover and Calais, instead of leaving it joined as a peninsula to the main-land of the continent. Providence has ordained that the chief force of this country should be on the deep, not on the land. But for this circumstance, the kings of England would have possessed as large a military armament as the monarchs of the continent, and would have been as potent as their neighbor kings in staving off all inconvenient demands on the part of their subjects. The navy cannot be applied to such uses. It becomes us, accordingly, to look well to the real conditions of political life in Germany, before we venture to determine what the institutions are, which such a people should, or should not, adopt for the purpose of extricating themselves from their present difficulties.

If, for the purpose of giving a full trial to our own principles of government, we were to suppose the question of freedom or absolutism in Germany to be one solely between the person ruling and the parties ruled in each separate state, it would still remain to be borne in mind that the form of government enjoyed by us is the result of a series of conflicts and treaties between three principal powers—the king, the barons, and the commons, the people having acted all along, more or less, through the one or other of these parties, without being recognized themselves as an independent political body. Of course, the Aristotles of modern times have not failed to deduce from the stipulations embraced in the settlement that has taken place between these powers, an abstract of political system, made up of a balance of three powers, said to be representative of three different political and social principles. But whatever value we may ascribe to such theories, it is manifestly expedient that we should inquire if there be in the states of Germany political bodies of the same nature with our three great constitutional powers, before we

venture to urge upon those states that they should resort to precisely those forms of procedure which are familiar to ourselves. For if it should be found that such bodies do not exist in those states, it would not be to the credit of our reputation for practical wisdom to importune them in favor of the terms on which certain powers should agree, the powers themselves being only a fiction of the imagination.

Now, with regard to the lords, we regret to say that we must account these as a power with which it is impossible to come to any wholesome understanding in Germany, for the simple reason that it cannot be said to exist there. In England, whatever changes may have come to the relative place of the crown, or of the peerage, as the consequence of the steady progress of the commons, the three powers still exist together, and as strong definite realities. The time is far distant, we suspect, in which the peerage of England will cease to be a very powerful element in our political and social organizations. Its influence as a central power in our legislature is not what it once was; but its place among us from the ancient times of our history, and its relations in so many ways to our present interest, and to our present feeling and usage, are such as to furnish little ground of hope to those who wish to see class privilege in this form wholly extinct among us. But it is not thus in Germany. In that country, all remembrance of an aristocracy as an independent political body has died away from the mind of the people. This has been the natural result of the levelling despotism, and of the military and diplomatic usurpations, which have been in constant action there during the last three or four centuries. The power of the nobility, as all the world knows, came from the dependence of the king on their military services as his great vassals. Standing armies have come into the place of contributions in the shape of armed men by feudal chiefs. The changes in the mode of warfare, which have rendered this change in the composition and character of the royal armies necessary, have been changes greatly favorable to the power of the monarch, and in the same degree unfavorable to the power of the noble. In this brief statement we have the clue to the history of the continent from the times of Charles VIII. and Louis XI.; to the close of the last century. The feudal organization, which sufficed as a means of protection against local feud or border incursions, was not adapted to the exigencies of distant and protracted wars. The service which the chief might claim from his vassal was limited to a certain number of days in a year. On the invasion of France by our ancestors, it was found that service thus restricted was wholly unavailable; and then began the custom, so pregnant with consequences, of carrying on war by means of mercenaries—or of men who became soldiers by vocation, and for pay. Self-defence, or ambition, prompted other kings to an imitation of this example. War became a profession and an art, and, by the promise of new advantages, gave a new stimulus to princely ambition.

As wars became more extended, complex, and artificial, so was it with diplomacy. As the web expanded, alliances became of greater moment, and the idea of "a balance of power," became familiar to the sovereigns of Europe, long before the phrase had been constructed to express it. Concerning local feuds, the people of a locality might judge; but when public affairs came to be regulated by

reasons of state, as between nation and nation—or more properly, between cabinet and cabinet, the subject passed beyond the popular apprehension, and in the negotiations of diplomatists provinces and peoples were disposed of, as the chances of war, or the calculations of princely expediency, might suggest. In this manner the states of the continent have grown into the condition in which we find them. They are for the greater part purely artificial constructions; and to allow the natural to come into the place of the artificial, in only a slight degree, would be to see them drop wholly to pieces.

In states formed on this *dynastic* principle—the principle of their becoming a mere patrimony of certain houses or families—in such states, the existence of anything like independent power among the people is not for a moment to be expected. But in the prosecution of this dynastic policy, the first object was to break down the independence and power of the nobles; and almost all our historians, down nearly to our own time, have agreed in bestowing their highest praise on the sagacity of those princes and statesmen who have acted upon this policy with the greatest measure of success, and in this respect the Great Elector of Brandenburg has come in for a large share of eulogy.

The dynastic principle having become thus ascendant over the aristocratic, the only avenue open to the ambition of nobles was through the favor of the king—and to that low means of advancement the majority were soon content to betake themselves. From the position of the king's peers, capable of treating with him on equal terms; and from the possession of freedom to vindicate their own independent rights, in the exercise of which they often acted as the protectors of those beneath them, they degenerated, ere long, into so many court-lackeys, and soon became proficient in all the dignified arts proper to their new vocation. Servile towards their master, insolent towards their inferiors, the measure in which they might render themselves serviceable to the appetites or passions of the king, was the measure in which they might expect permission to enrich themselves from the spoils of the people. We must not trust ourselves to describe, or even to indicate, the beastly extent to which this subserviency was carried in not a few cases.

It is now, we think, fair to ask—what useful purpose could be served by calling together a house of peers, in a country where it must be composed of men reduced to this state of dependence and weakness, and who would come together bringing with them in the popular mind recollections like these? It is true there are some old families left, and some others, possessed of large landed property, have recently sprung up; but it is a great mistake to suppose that these two qualities exist in the measure, or in the conditions, fitting them to become the foundation of a political power. The historical and the constitutional position of our own aristocracy has no parallel in modern Germany. All things considered, it is difficult to say which is most potent in the management of our own affairs, the lords or the commons;—one thing is certain—the crown is as nothing in comparison with either. Nothing of this sort attaches to the vestiges of an aristocracy existing in Germany. Everywhere the men of this class are literally the servants of the king, and utterly powerless to defend either themselves or the people against the encroachments of the crown. Their great solicitude is to hang about

the court, in the hope of obtaining public offices for themselves or the needy members of their families. It is common with us to regard a house of peers as the natural embodiment of conservative principles; but if we wished to damage such principles irreparably, we should deem no course more advisable to that end than to entrust them to the keeping of such a peerage as the German States would furnish. We should feel compelled to give up the German people as devoid of all self-respect, honor, moral sense, common decency, if they could be other than disgusted with the very name of nobility, after such a history of the noble as they have seen during the last three or four hundred years. They owe nothing to that source; they have never heard of that class of men as a political body; and are lamentably ignorant of all the fine-spun speculations of our Montesquieu and De Lolmes about the necessity of some such balancing power in every well-ordered government. Hence an attempt to create such a power where it does not exist, could hardly fail of being interpreted by such a people as a defiance of public opinion—as an attempt to create new class distinctions, and this at a time when the demand is, that certain old ones, which too long survived, should be abolished. All advantage that should be assigned to such favorites would of course be so much disadvantage imposed on the people—and to institute them without assigning them any privilege beyond the privilege of a name, would be simply ridiculous. Of this last description, however, was the Chamber of Peers in France, under Louis Philippe; and in this light did the conduct of that steady and profound gentleman, the King of Prussia, appear to the wiser of his subjects when endeavoring to shape his political conceits after that model. The idea of creating powers for the mere pleasure of seeing them balance against each other, according to pre-conceived notions, is a flight of extravagance much too refined to commend itself to German dulness.

It must be confessed, however, that this is one of the strong reasons in its favor with not a few learned professors, and no less learned counsellors in that country—for men there are, who count everything foolish which the people can understand, and everything profound that is too obscure to meet the popular apprehension. It is a remarkable fact, that nearly all the more influential leaders of what was called the constitutional party in Germany were professors—indeed, that party may be said to have been created by them. The vulgar, we suspect, not seeing any three independent powers in real life, placed in such a balancing relation to each other, as to cause the product given by the process to be the public good, will never be able to understand why the heads of their learned sages should have proceeded so far in the work of construction and no further. It is true that Virgil tells us “the gods love the number three.”

Among ourselves, royalty has been so long restricted within limits comparatively harmless, that we can think of its ancientness and splendor with veneration and sympathy, and we can imagine much of the present harmony as subsisting between the crown and the people, even if there were no House of Lords in existence. We are, in consequence, apt to think that a little mutual good-will and forbearance should suffice to dispose German subjects to loyalty, and German sovereigns to be considerate of the freedom of legislative assemblies. We do not bear in mind that there is very little

resemblance between such assemblies and our own House of Commons. In fact, a House of Commons, according to our notion, is as little possible in Germany, in the present state of German society, as a House of Lords. With regard to the Austrian empire, it is clear that, could a general representative assembly for the whole monarchy be brought together, not half the provinces it would be said to represent could ever be brought to yield a willing obedience to its authority. To require that the Hungarians, the Croats, the Poles, the Italians, and others, should send their representatives to Vienna, would be felt as requiring them to surrender forever all their long-cherished claims in favor of their national independence; while the other races, such as the Tzchecks and the Germans, would convert their common parliament into a battle-field for the display of their national rivalries and hatreds. In truth, we have not to speak on this point from conjecture—we are warranted not only to say that such *would* be the result of such an experiment; we have seen it tried, and the consequences to be expected have followed.

We may pass on, therefore, at once to an examination of that state which is acknowledged as at the head of the really German powers, and regarded as the archetype of a German monarchy. If the rapid sketch we have given as to the origin and history of the continental states be applicable to those states generally, it is eminently so to Prussia. Even for the incongruous architecture of the Austrian monarchy, some good reason may be found in the geographical position of the several states, and still more in that common interest which banded them together for their common defence through so long an interval against the power of the Turks. But Prussia is altogether a product of family ambition. No reason whatever can be assigned for joining its several parts together, except that it was regarded as for the interest of the Hohenzollern family that it should so be. Prussia exists, accordingly, as Prussia, purely for the sake of its princes—that its resources may be conveniently at their disposal. With all that it includes, Prussia is still the smallest of the European monarchies pretending to an independent international policy; and is in a position, moreover, very unfavorable to its acting on such a policy. These pressing exigencies have rendered it indispensable, if the dynastic interest is to be sustained in Prussia, that the properties and lives of all the members of the community should be placed at the absolute service of that interest.

That man is born to be a royal functionary, is a radical principle in the Prussian state. In so far as he is successful in this direction, he realizes his proper destination. It is well known, also, that by the wisdom and generosity of the Prussian government, it is provided that every man shall participate in a measure, and for a season, in this proper end of his being, by becoming a soldier, and by being liable to be called out in that capacity at the pleasure of the sovereign, so long as he may be deemed capable of service. But this military service, as may be supposed, is not the form of service to which the passion for place, so common among Prussians, most earnestly aspires. In that country, the poorest man will subject himself and his family to the severest privations, that he may secure to his son a university education, in the hope that one day he will *become something*, and to become *something*, in the language of Prussia—indeed, in the language of all Germany—is to rise to a government appointment. The idea that to succeed in

this way is to succeed in the way most honorable to a rational being, is so deeply rooted in the German mind, that not to have attained to title and office is a defect hardly to be compensated by birth, wealth, or even genius. Let a man become rich by his industry, famous by his talent, he will still covet, if he be a true German, the honorary title of a commercial or an aulic counsellor. Thus admitted into the functionary world, his existence is duly legalized. It is due also to this functionary world to state, that whenever a man rises above the common level, he is sure to be taken into the guild of functionaries by means of some title, if not by means of office. That no man of status, in any way, may be without this badge of relationship and dependence, various orders of knighthood have been instituted, and every year numberless pieces of ribbon, of various hues and dignity, are scattered profusely abroad, so that it has come to be a common saying, that, in Prussia, there are two things which a man must not hope to escape—death, and the order of the red eagle. By such means the government has succeeded in drawing the substance of the middle classes as it were into itself; much as it succeeded in former times in bringing the nobility into a condition of abject servitude. The monarchy is the central power which for ages has been not only attracting everything in this manner to its own centre, but absorbing everything there. That the government may possess the power necessary to such a policy, it not only has the police and the judicial departments at its disposal, but extends its authority and patronage to the ecclesiastical, the educational, the artistic, the scientific, the medical, in all of which the chief appointments come from this centre, and the pay from this centre.

The extent to which the independent spirit of the middle classes is impaired and consumed by this base contrivance, may be inferred from the fact, that there is scarcely a student who does not go to the university with the avowed purpose of qualifying himself to obtain some government appointment; and that there is rarely a man of any pretension to respectability who does not send one or all of his sons to prosecute such studies in such hope—to give themselves to honest industry, being to lose caste, in comparison with becoming a government functionary.

Now a German House of Commons, inasmuch as it would be impossible to exclude from it the most influential and intelligent portion of the middle classes, would of necessity include a *large majority of functionaries*—or of persons receiving pay from the government, and reckoned in that category—such as counsellors, judges, barristers, professors in universities or in gymnasia, and officers of the revenue. Indeed, if we take into our account all persons belonging to military or official families, we doubt much, if in a German House of Commons, you would not have to pass by bench after bench to find a solitary member whose position in life could be said to be without any dependence on the government, so as to be compatible with an unbiassed course of utterance and action.

If it be indispensable, accordingly, to a constitutional government, that there should be a jealous separation between the *legislative* power and the *executive*, how could that be possible in states, where the chambers would be called together only to transfer the discussions proper to them as public servants, from the board of green cloth to the *salle des députés*? If constitutionalism consists in the

balancings of three powers, how could it be established in a state where two of the three are wanting! If it be described as the best form of self-government, how may that be carried on through the medium of assemblies made up so largely of men dependent on the public purse! And if in every such adjustment there must be a careful separation between the legislative and the executive, how would that be possible through the medium of conventions in which the great majority who make the laws would consist of persons in the pay of the government! By this time our reader will begin to see what the working of the Prussian monarchy has been, and will begin to wish, if we mistake not, that its days may be numbered. At present, Prussia is made for its king—the king is not made for Prussia. The state is what it is, simply that the king may be what he is. In that land, the end of all things is the elevation of a house, not the elevation of a people. It is a state in which everything institutional is constructed and worked so as to exhaust public spirit, and to place the men and the means of all families at the disposal of one family.

If there be apparent exceptions to the above statement, they are only apparent. Attempts to do something in the way of constitutionalism on a small scale, are not unknown among the Germans; but there has been a want of nature and sincerity in such appearances. There are reasons which may dispose princes, though great lovers of absolutism, to give their sanction to some puerile imitations of constitutionalism. Princes, in some of the smaller states, have so done, in the hope of placing a check, by such means, on the ambition of the greater—especially on Austria and Prussia. To the overwhelming material force of those great powers, they have sometimes opposed the threat of an alliance with popular disaffection at home, and with liberal principles abroad. Late events, however, have shown that these petty princes, when such an alternative is really before them, will be sure to prefer that their principalities should pass under the yoke of Prussia or Austria, than that they should be permanently governed by means of really liberal institutions. For reasons very similar to those which have disposed the smaller states towards this sham-constitutionalism, Prussia has had her seasons of flirtation with all existing varieties of liberalism. In this manner she has endeavored to turn the scale of popularity in her favor when opposed by the rivalries of Russia, Austria, France, and the smaller principalities.

In estimating the semblance of constitutionalism found in Germany, it should be borne in mind, that not only must the conventions to which that name is given consist for the most part of state functionaries, but that the life of a German official is by no means an enviable one. From their great numbers, it is inevitable that their pay, in the general, should be miserably small. At the same time, they are not a little overworked, by much useless writing, and still more useless learning, and the surveillance from which they suffer, as exercised, almost to the last, by those above them, they exercise in a manner not less pitiable towards those who are beneath them. Nearly all have risen from comparatively humble circumstances, and nearly all seem to be without memory of that fact when they have risen above that level. Filled as most of these men are with the dreamings of philosophy, it is no great marvel that their heads should go upon all sorts of political theories, in the hope of finding, through some such medium, an alleviation of evils which

are constantly pressing upon them, though they scarcely know why or whence. Among the theories to which they have thus betaken themselves, is that of a balance of the three powers. There is much in this idea to commend itself to the bookish tastes of a German official. First, it is that form of government that would have been natural to Germany, had not the events of the last three or four hundred years taken such a course as to interrupt the tendencies of her social condition in the preceding times. Further, it is an idea which flatters the peace-loving and conservative spirit of the German, by offering him a *reform* which would in fact be only a *restoration*. Above all, it is a notion which accords with his book-vanity, his pretension to learning, as presenting a scheme which comes to him from history, and which historians only can be expected to verify; which rests on a profound philosophy, moreover, and which the philosophical accordingly can alone be expected to understand. Thus no status for learning, or for skill in refined speculation, needs be hazarded by the profession of constitutionalism. Hence, in reading the speeches of any of the constitutional leaders, not only in Germany, but on the continent generally, including Guizot, Dahlmann, Vincke, and others of their class, one is struck with the *doctrine* complacency which comes out in almost every sentence, imparting to all they do in this way the cast of an esoteric science. Such men are ready to do much to secure the introduction of the abstract and formal belonging to the constitutional system of three powers; to inculcate the importance of the distinction between the executive and legislative functions; to set forth the order, and all "the pomp and circumstance" of parliamentary life. But, strange to say, they have shown themselves capable of doing much more to check and put down that real exercise of a public will, the sustaining and guiding of which should be the great aim and end of constitutionalism. Constitutionalism, it would seem, is a piece of exquisitely beautiful machinery, so long as the working of it is restricted to the hands of historical and philosophical persons, but it becomes vulgarized in such eyes, and is sure to lead to all sorts of mischief, as worked by the natural intelligence of the people at large. So accustomed are these gentlemen to regard their own sort of wisdom as indispensable to good government everywhere, that, in the face of all their fine speeches about constitutionalism, a world governing itself, would be, of necessity, in their view, a world in which brutality runs riot over intelligence. The wrongs under which the continent of Europe is now groaning, may be traced in no small degree to this political pederasty.

But selfishness has had fully as much to do as vanity in bringing about the present disastrous state of things in those countries. Let the people of a state like Prussia become in any tolerable degree self-governed, and some three-fourths of its public functionaries would be at once voted superfluous. Now whatever may be the charms of constitutionalism as a theory, to men filling state offices it must be subject to this terrible drawback, which would be sufficient we fear to prevent more than a very few from being thoroughly in earnest in seeking its realization. For this reason, it is hardly too much to say, that, on the continent, all men are really more constitutionalists than the men who have become loudest in their *praise* of constitutionalism.

Not to mention the government of Louis Philippe,

as beyond our present subject, the conduct of the majorities in the Frankfort and Prussian chambers furnishes an instructive illustration of the constitutionalism of men who feel at every step that to quarrel with the dynastic organization of the body politic, is, in effect, to quarrel with the means of their own privileged existence. As the consequence you see them follow the King of Prussia through every stage of his treacherous course, from Frankfort to Gotha, from Gotha to Erfurt, from Erfurt to Berlin, from Berlin to Brandenburg, always of course under the ready pretext of meaning to distinguish between constitutionalism and anarchy. Had absolutism required such service from their hands, they would no doubt have followed the royal person much further—to Dresden, to Olmutz to Warsaw, to the *Bundestag*.

The case of Hesse-Cassel may be regarded as an exception to this statement, and in the main it is so—but what must the state of society be, which has made it an act of marked heroism that the Hessians should have acquitted themselves as they did in such circumstances as goaded to their acts of resistance? It must be remembered, moreover, that it is the army of Prussia which is brought to act, not on the side of that heroism, but against it, so as to deliver up the men who had risen to it, to the tender mercies of their master. In legislating for a people we must legislate for the rule, not for the exceptions—according to the general feeling, not according to instances of extraordinary virtue.

Convinced, as we are, that any political system, which, in its working, must be hostile to the particular interests of the men who have to work it, is a monstrosity, we feel that constitutionalism, and the present dynastic functionarism of Germany, can never work together. In such a state of society constitutionalism must be a sham—a pernicious sham. All who meddle with it are in danger of being damaged by so doing. Its effect upon the people must be to divert their energies into a wrong channel, and to augment the host of difficulties which in any course must press upon them. Seeing those who should be their leaders given up to abstractions, carried away by conceits, and skilful in inventing smooth names and hollow pretexts, in the hope of realizing only so much of change as may be consonant with their own interests, what marvel if the bitterness of disappointment, and the presence of fear, should prepare them for giving ear to desperate projects, and for putting themselves under some extravagant guidance. Such must ever be the result of placing men in positions thus false; and such has been the result of attempting to save continental royalty by allying it with popular institutions in the manner required by what is called constitutionalism. Dynastic organization of this complexion and free institutions cannot be worked harmoniously. It is to attempt a mixture of the iron and the clay.

Continental monarchy, then, speaking generally, is no more to be compared with monarchy in England, than continental nobles are to be compared with our House of Lords;—the distance, moreover, must be very wide between our House of Commons, consisting, to a large extent, of independent men, chosen by an independent constituency, and a continental Chamber of Officials.

The founding of the Prussian monarchy was a purely money affair, conducted in the spirit of a pawnbroker. The Emperor Sigismund of Germany, being unable to redeem the markgravedom of Brandenburg from the ancestor of the present

dynasty, to whom it had been pledged for a sum of money, scarcely more than would suffice now-a-days to purchase a very small estate, the land and the people of Brandenburg passed into the hands by which they have been since retained. In this proceeding, the people, as a matter of course, were expected to be as passive as quadrupeds, and they appear to have been so. Part of Prussia Proper and Pomerania, devolved on the house of Hohenzollern by virtue of a family compact. Keeping in remembrance how this transfer of provinces and peoples from hand to hand has been sanctioned by European diplomacy and European law—species of slave-trade though it be—the acquisition of these two provinces may be regarded as the least censurable of all the measures by which the patchwork of the Prussian monarchy has been brought together. The province of Silesia was the pre-selected booty of a war undertaken to secure it. The grand duchy of Posen, and the other parts of Prussia Proper, were the Prussian share of the spoil obtained on the partition of Poland—an event which has acquired an exceptional notoriety purely from the fact that the Poles bravely resisted the sort of wrong to which other peoples, more in the manner of the times, silently submitted. Almost all the remaining territory of Prussia, comprising the Saxon and Rhenish provinces, was assigned to that state by a diplomatic convention in a manner which, keeping in view its time and its circumstances, exhibited a more wilful and flagrant violation of popular rights than any of the measures of this description which had preceded it. For the peoples whom the diplomatists at the Congress of Vienna presumed to dispose of after this fashion, were not only the peoples whose valor had delivered the territories in question from the foot of the invader, but they were the peoples who had done that thing upon express stipulation that they should never again be assigned to the charge of authority of any kind without their consent. The diplomatists did not wait for that consent; and the crowned traitors who profited by that haste, ruled over them until 1848, in apparent utter forgetfulness of the vows that were upon them. Thus Germany, and the greater part of Europe, were parcelled out a second time, at the close of a great war, according to the power or policy of a few subtle and selfish men, who chanced to be uppermost, very much as they had been some two centuries before.

It will be seen from these observations that we regard the foundations of some of the continental monarchies as being of a very peccable description. If the professors of constitutionalism in the Prussian chambers must remind us of the rights of the crown, we challenge the production of all charters in favor of those rights. Where are they? Nearly all the provinces of that monarchy belong to it as the result of processes in which subtlety has prevailed over simplicity, or might over right. In all instances the people have been handed over with the soil, as the chance of the game, whether played in the cabinet or the field, may have determined. These facts will account for the contempt with which the King of Prussia is disposed to speak of “pieces of paper with letters scribbled thereon”—meaning thereby such papers as he would be only too happy to produce in support of his royalties, if they had ever existed; and such, also, as contain stipulated rights on behalf of the people, which it would be pleasant to him to regard as wholly extinct and forgotten. The bare enumeration of the titles of the many duchies, provinces, districts,

great and small, which have come to constitute this monarchy, is enough to suggest that the course of things in this respect must have been anything but natural.

Nor has it taken a very long time to bring these appropriating influences to bear on so many places and communities. Nearly half this ill-gotten wealth was allotted to the Hohenzollern family so late as the year 1815, and by far the greater portion of the other half was in the hands of other families not more than a century since. The many peoples, who within so short an interval have been compelled to abjure one allegiance and adopt another, at the peril of being deemed traitors, and punished as such, do not forget what has happened, though it may be convenient to some other parties that *they* should so do. Loyalty in such cases, if it exist at all, must be devoid of all intelligence and nobleness—a mere instinct, rising hardly higher than the fidelity of a dog to his master. Prussia and Austria owe their existence purely to functionaryism, civil or military. Apart from the interested fidelity of the officers in the army, and the almost endless gradations of placemen, from the village school-master upwards, they would drop to pieces. The day in which the will of the disinterested and the patriotic should become ascendant, would be the day of their death-knell.

So little, then, is there in common between monarchy in England and monarchy in such countries. We much fear, accordingly, that attempts to set up agencies to which the names of king, lords, and commons shall be given, after our English fashion, while the institutions so designated have scarcely anything in common with the objects denoted by those terms in England, may not be the sure way to realize there the system of liberty happily familiar to our own people. The names in this case may be the same, but if the things be widely different, the working and the result must be widely different.

In our judgment, this kind of policy has been in action quite long enough to determine what effects may be expected from it. Since the year 1815, there have been constitutions in nearly all the smaller states of Germany, in all since the French revolution of 1830. During more than thirty years, Itzstein, Rotteck, Welcker, Roemer, Pfizer, Behr, Wirth, Gagern, Jordan, and many such men, toiled on according to the most respectable notions about the virtues of passive resistance and constitutional equilibrating. They suffered calumny, banishment, penury, prison and all the horrors of prison discipline, with the most exemplary submission. If men could have merited to see the constitutional-balance theory realized, it would have been realized by those men. Some of them, as Behr and Eisenmann, came out of dungeons old and crippled, which they had entered in their prime. Others died from their sufferings while in such keeping, or, like parson Weidig in Hesse-Darmstadt, were cut off in their cell by the hand of the government bravo. But never, so long as they lived, did those men weary of their Sisyphus work. On being released you see them at their toil again, beginning precisely at the point where they left off some twenty or thirty years before. Our English sympathy, which the cannonading in Hungary and against Rome has called into such lively exercise, had left us wholly inobservant of the heroic deeds, and the grievous wrongs, of the men who had struggled for liberty many years before in Germany with the most resolute spirit, and after the most

approved rules of constitutional chivalry. It would seem as though our very instincts had taught us that such labor, in such circumstances, must be fruitless. Still the labor was heroic; and if the press remained fettered, public meetings prohibited, the right of association denied, individual liberty down-trodden—in short, the lives, properties and actions of all men as much as ever at the mercy of the police, it is certain that these perpetuated and augmented wrongs cannot be said to have been rendered necessary by any want of moderation or forbearance, or patient effort on the part of the constitutionalists. The great error in these men was the radical error of all men who expect the form to give them the spirit. They hoped to *create* liberty by an introduction of names and modes which with ourselves have been rather the *results* of liberty.

During the interval under consideration, the conduct of the Prussians was still more moderate and forbearing. Year after year passed since 1815, until nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed, and still the promises of their king as to a free government lacked accomplishment. One after another was openly ignored, until at last it could no longer be doubted that all the appearances which had seemed to prognosticate better things, had been only parts of an intended system of deception. Still they refrained from troubling the declining years of their old king, and patiently waited until the time should come in which they might solicit from his successor the rights for which they had so long since stipulated. To the sentimental speeches and imbecile tricks of the new monarch, they opposed, calmly and respectfully, a simple recital of the written promises made by his predecessor some twenty-five years before. This was done by Dr. John Jacoby, a physician, in a pamphlet entitled, "The Four Questions"—a publication which brought upon the author the frown of the government, but secured him a testimonial of several thousand pounds, as an expression of sympathy from the people. So things continued for another seven years.

But the news of the French Revolution of February, 1848, which filled the hearts of so many kings with dismay, and of so many peoples with unwonted confidence, was felt in Prussia as elsewhere. Still, in the height of a European excitement, the petitions presented to the king by several municipal bodies and popular assemblies at Berlin, contained nothing, either in language or substance, that could have given offence to the most delicate constitutional ear. But when the people were assembled in expectation of a straightforward reply to their call for a liberal government, freedom of the press, trial by jury, and such like moderate petitions, a collision was provoked by the insolence of the soldiery, and, as there is too much reason to suppose, by the secret and sinister influence of a person more deeply interested than any one beside in the question as to what should be in future the nature and extent of the royal power in Prussia. Of course, in the judgment of some of our friends of order, and worshippers of the comfortable, it was a dreadful thing that the people should then have done as they did. They had waited thirty-two years for the royal answer they were now seeking—of course, they should have been willing to wait some thirty-two years longer. They saw their friends shot down by the musketry of the soldiers—their women and children trampled under the charges of the horse—but, of course, no thought

of self-defence should have entered their mind. What are kings for but to be obeyed—what are subjects for but to obey! Verily, our wonder is, not at the alleged excesses of the people so dealt with, but rather at their moderation. For now, when they have vanquished the soldiery, how do they demean themselves? Do they call for a republic! Do they plunder the houses of the aristocracy! Do they proclaim martial law, flog women, hang the first men of their country by the dozen on the gallows! Why, they were no sooner victors than you hear them singing their hymn of thankfulness to God before the palace of their king—they lay down their arms as in his presence—and they are content that the securing of their long-desired and dearly-purchased liberties should be entrusted to the Vinkes, Schwerins, Hansemanns, Camphausens, Beckeraths, and such men, all known for their decidedly moderate principles. Such is the history of that crisis at Berlin.

In all the other states of Germany the movement went off in nearly the same way. In no instance were the people the first to appeal to arms; when provoked to the struggle they were everywhere victorious; and the first act in their state of freedom was to entrust the guardianship of their rights to the wisdom of men who had been distinguished by a sincere but moderate constitutionalism. In short, if constitutionalism might be made to take natural root in the soil of Germany, we should say, then was the time for such an achievement; for not only in Germany, but in Europe, not excepting France, the powers of government passed into the hands of men who had won their position in public life as professed constitutionalists. Why did they make nothing of it? Your desperate constitutionalist will reply—Because they were wanting in patience and forbearance—a very general defect in the German, it seems—and, instead of making the most of what they had gained, became unreasonable in their demands, called in the aid of the mob, and thus spoiled everything. Now, we do not mean to deny that some of those members of the German chambers who were opposed to the measures of the constitutionalists did make extravagant speeches; but the material question is, did the propositions which those speeches were meant to sustain take the majorities of such assemblies along with them? It is an acknowledged fact, that throughout the whole revolutionary period—as it is called—the constitutionalists were regularly in the majority; and those majorities were much more disposed to look for protection from the military than from the mob. In nearly all countries riots are the natural accessories of great political excitement, and there is nothing in what took place in this respect in Germany, beyond the outbreaks which have been common in our own history when great political questions have been in agitation.

We conclude, therefore, that the failure of constitutionalism in Germany is not to be traced to any misconduct in its advocates, so much as to its inconsistency with the inherent maxims of such a monarchy as obtained in Prussia. Where the power of the king is very limited, constitutionalism may work with it; but where that power is such as we see in Prussia, constitutionalism is not the agency by which to impose wholesome restrictions upon it. According to the maxims of the constitutional theory, it belongs to the king to have the command of the army, to choose his own ministers, to have a veto on all resolutions of the chambers,

to dissolve those assemblies at pleasure, and to conduct and determine negotiations of all kinds with foreign powers. The English parliamentarians, as we have seen, committed themselves to a civil war rather than cede to the crown an amount of authority so incompatible with popular liberty. In England, as we have before said, our great force is in our navy, and the army at the disposal of the executive has been always very limited, compared with the armies of the continent. With us, moreover, the ministers of the crown are in the place of the crown, so that if wrong is ever done, it is not the king but his ministers that do it, and the wrong-doers are the bearers of the responsibility of such doing. These ministers, again, are in effect assigned to the crown, partly by the power of the aristocracy, and partly by the monetary influence of the House of Commons. In this state of weakness and dependence, the crown, in our case, rarely ventures upon a veto; and our princes, in place of exercising their ingenuities to advance the real or supposed interests of their family, are compelled to regard the agriculture, the commerce, and the industry of the country as the great interest. Under a dynastic rule these interests are valuable chiefly as they may become taxable, and the taxes raised from these sources, instead of passing into the charge of a responsible ministry, go into the hands of an irresponsible sovereign. Brought into existence as they have been by diplomatic fraud and military violence, the monarchies under consideration can hardly be sustained except by such means. So long as the military power of the king is unimpaired, he may bear with some free speech-making in the chambers or elsewhere, it being perfectly easy, when the season of popular excitement has passed, to find his means and occasions for setting all right again.

Such, in fact, has been the exact course of things in Germany since the spring of 1848. The change which then came left the armies of soldiers and functionaries as much at the disposal of the crowned heads as before, only that the bands of discipline had been somewhat loosened by the new feeling that had come up. The republicans might have loosened those bands further—have destroyed them, but they were desirous to act, if possible, with the constitutionalists, preferring the prospect of an imperfect liberty to the hazard of all liberty. But the constitutionalists, again, had to choose between a bias on the side of republicanism or of monarchy, and they chose the latter. By their assistance, the princes succeeded in reviving the military and bureaucratic spirit, and that done, all things returned fast towards their old level. The different powers pledged themselves to the help of each other in their common difficulties; armies surrounded the capitals where the chambers supposed to represent the people were assembled; agents of the different governments stimulated the people to some excesses, and thus furnished a pretext for the summary course desired—viz., that of martial law. When the *agens provocateurs* did not succeed in producing the convenient amount of disorder, the prince fled in professed apprehension of it, and in the hope that attempts would be made to set up a republic—an event which it was calculated would bring back the more moderate and influential portions of the community to the side of the monarchy. But in no case did the people commit themselves to purely republican institutions. Nevertheless, the bare fact that they had put their prince into bodily fear—or that they were charged with

having so done—and had thus forced him to leave his capital, was construed as enough to warrant the intervention of the allies for the purpose of restoring all things to a state of order, according to the old ideas on that subject.

In this manner absolutism has been reëstablished in Prussia, Austria, Saxony, Baden, Hesse-Cassel, and elsewhere. Twice Vienna might have been saved, had not the wish to perpetuate constitutional principles in the future government intervened to prevent it. The first of these occasions was when Windischgrätz had not as yet gathered his forces, and when he might have been precluded from so doing, if the diet had proceeded at once to an organization of the peasantry, who were everywhere ready to obey the first call. The second instance was when the diet declined the proffered assistance of the Hungarian army, and did not authorize it to enter the German territory. Had the wisdom and promptitude demanded by the exigency been present at either of these junctures, we think it probable that Vienna would not have been taken; that modern history would not have been stained with the atrocities, rare even among savage nations, that were there perpetrated; and that Hungary would not have fallen.

In Berlin, the chambers being well up in their constitutional catechism, allowed themselves to be dissolved, reëlected, purified, ambulated, once and again, all in the most scrupulous conformity with the maxim that patience and constitutional principles will do everything. Some complaint, indeed, did arise, but it was of little worth or consistency, inasmuch as the plaintiffs had given the king full power to do all that he did.

Our conclusion from this series of instructive facts is, that the power of continental royalty, which has proved too strong for constitutionalism during the recent changes, is likely to prove too strong for it in any change yet to come. The choice of the people in these countries, accordingly, lies between submitting as heretofore—in truth, more abjectly than heretofore—to the power of their princes; and the use of some means for their deliverance from that power, possessing more aptness to meet the necessities of the case than the constitutional theories in which they have been hitherto so much disposed to confide.

Now it is worthy of note that this is the conclusion to which the instincts of the German people had in a great measure conducted them before the year 1848. It is a remarkable fact, that whenever the wave of public feeling runs high in Germany, the idea that comes floating upward again and again is that of the *unity of the whole German fatherland*. The language of the constitutional speculators has been—get liberal institutions in each state, and dream not of anything so vast as the creation of a new empire. The language of the popular instinct, on the other hand, truer to nature, has been—the liberal institutions you seek cannot be realized, except as the dynastic policy so utterly incompatible with them shall be made to give place to a more natural policy—in a word, except as a care about the artificial elevation of families shall give place to a care about the natural distinction of races. The so-called rights of thrones must submit before the inalienable rights of nationalities. This feeling points to the only sort of confederation promising to be powerful enough to rescue the continent from the monarchical tyrannies now ascendant there. The unity of Germany on the basis of nationality,

would absorb or extinguish the dynasties of Prussia and Austria, and would be the signal for a similar emancipation of the Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and of all peoples now groaning under the sway of alien powers, instead of being left to become themselves powers. What diplomacy and the sword, working against nature, have hitherto kept together, would thus be dissolved, and the vocation of both, as we can fully believe, would be to a large extent superseded.

But if this be the kind of change which can alone open to Europe the prospect of regeneration, can it surprise us that the chances of a few months in 1848 did not prove equal to the realization of such a new order of affairs? This change involves something more than a nice adjustment of relations between kings, nobles, and commoners. It embraces a reconstruction of Europe, and a settlement of some very old accounts between nations and nations, between races and races, and between religions and religions. The differences and convulsions that come up from these sources are ceaseless, and must be, so long as the present system shall last. We are not insensible to the difficulties connected with this question, we do not mean to conceal them; our only regret is, that we cannot in this place deal with them at all in the extent necessary to completeness.

First, with regard to this German unity, if it mean anything, it must mean, at the least, the gradual diminution and final absorption of the several independent sovereignties and dynasties. The German princes, under the promptings of the law of self-preservation, saw this from the beginning—much more clearly than the constitutional party, who had honestly persuaded themselves that it would be possible to combine sovereignty in a variety of states, with the subjection of the whole to a strong central power, that power being so constructed as to be favorable to general liberty. When at last they saw this scheme to be impracticable, they offered Germany to the King of Prussia. But had the king accepted it, the other German sovereigns would have thrown themselves into the arms of France, Russia, or England, and his majesty of Prussia could have maintained his position only by placing himself at the head of a European revolution. For such a responsibility he was far from being qualified, either by inclination or capacity.

Austria and Prussia would very willingly appropriate to themselves the rest of the German sovereignties; but their policy is to aim at this object by means of all sorts of family contracts, military conventions, commercial leagues, and political unions. Diplomatic artifice is confided in as a safer agency than the sword. Prussia owes nearly everything to a game of this sort. Since the founding of that kingdom, the history of Germany has consisted very largely in the endeavors of the two great powers to gain an exclusive ascendancy over the smaller states; in the resistance of the smaller sovereignties to this policy; in the meddlings of the other European powers with this state of things, in the hope of turning it to their advantage; and in the gradually increasing disaffection of the people, from finding themselves made the everlasting tools of family ambition or foreign selfishness. The smaller states may be seen allying themselves with French liberalism or with Russian despotism, as may best contribute to secure them against the encroachments of powers nearer home. Russia is much less interested in the triumph of absolutism

in Germany, than in the maintenance of this entangled state of things, which, as it occupies and consumes the forces of Europe, is regarded as preparing the way for Slavic ascendancy. Princely professions of sympathy with liberalism, are well understood by such diplomats as Metternich and Nesselrode. So long as liberalism is under check from a sovereign, it is known to be comparatively harmless; but let the will of the people become stronger in relation to it than the will of the prince, and it is at once voted as a nuisance, and put down, if not by the prince himself, by so much of foreign intervention as may be necessary for that purpose. So long as the prince has his uses to make of it, it may be borne with, but let the people attempt to turn it to some higher account, and its days are numbered.

Nothing can be more ambiguous in this respect than the position of Prussia. We have seen something of the incongruousness of the parts of which that monarchy is constituted. Besides being the smallest of the European powers pretending to an independent political action, her possessions lie scattered over a disproportionately wide extent, and are divided moreover by an intervening tract of land, which, as late events have shown, may at any time be seized by an enemy. Prussia, cut up thus through the middle, has to defend herself against the three most powerful states of Europe—against Austria, her arch-enemy on the south; against France, the most unsettled and warlike of nations on the west; and against Russia, bordering on her open frontier in the east. Among all the provinces included in this political card-castle, there are two only—Brandenburgh, East Prussia and part of Pomerania, that do not remember and regret the time when made to become parts of it. The Rhenish provinces, being Catholic, and having retained the Code Napoleon from the times of the French occupation, have a strong bias towards France, and France is not less disposed to look with some longing towards them. The Poles subject to Prussia have always regarded their connexion with it as provisional, and, for reasons which will presently be stated, are directly interested in its extinction, not to mention their having been irreconcilably exasperated by the cruelties of the Prussian generals Colomb and Steinäcker in 1848. None of these provinces, with the exception of the two or three first named, know why they should belong to Prussia more than to any other state, or why the Prussian state should exist at all. But they all know full well that they are Germans, and, the greater part of them, that they are Protestants. It is for the reasons indicated in these facts, that the King of Prussia is obliged to flatter the spirit of German nationalism, and of Protestant enlightenment; while, for reasons also indicated, he must not be expected to attempt any realization of the idea of German unity. Nor must he be expected to encourage a Protestant enlightenment of thought in relation to politics. What is called Prussia is a military and bureaucratic system, so spread over varieties of peoples as to draw off the power and substance of them all for its own maintenance and growth. To cede to these peoples independence, would be to assent to its own destruction. Placed by the nature of its origin between German patriotism and dynastic interest—between freedom of thought and military and bureaucratic absolutism, Prussia has calculated that the only means of existence open to her, is to practise a systematic deception on the spirit of her own subjects, by throwing

over a power in reality absolute, some of the appearances of intellectual freedom. Indiscretion or accident has, from time to time, brought documents to light, which have exposed some of these state secrets, and demonstrated the fraudulence of the policy sanctioned as a system by the Prussian government.

In place of all further argument on this subject we here subjoin a few passages from an authentic document of the description mentioned. The first of these was published last year by Dr. Johann Jacoby, in a Review since suppressed. It contains Prince Hardenbergh's commentary on the proper exercise of the censorship. Prince Hardenbergh being one of the two ministers who did most to secure for Prussia her reputation as a friend to liberalism and progress, his opinions may be taken as a favorable expression of Prussian enlightenment in this form. The governors of the provinces, to whom this liberal minister addresses his instructions, are informed that the chief object of that wholesome institution, the censorship, is, "to promote among the people an *attachment to the person of his majesty, and his majesty's august family*—to give the citizens *just notions* concerning the events taking place in other countries, and to represent the measures, either taken or about to be taken, by the common consent of the German princes, in such a light, as, &c., &c. But," continues our liberal minister, "if any author shall be so audacious (*sich unterfangen sollte*) as to mean to express a blame (*tadeln zu wollen*) of such measures, such aberration must be absolutely prevented!" What the instructions to clergymen and schoolmasters would be, from this Turkish vizier under the garb of a liberal minister, we can readily imagine. Having thrown his protective authority about the persons of their celestial majesties, the German princes, his care is extended beyond them to their ministers and functionaries, requiring that "*inasmuch as these are in the confidence of the German sovereigns, no censure whatever can be allowed to be cast upon them.*" The ideas of the prince in reference to a representative government are rich in the same oriental fragrance. "It being," he says, "above the comprehension of the public at large to judge concerning the principles acted upon by representative governments, such judgments ought never to be set forth in pamphlets, and much less in newspapers."

It is material to state that these enlightened views were put into official circulation in 1819, four years after the Prussian people, at the cost of much blood and treasure, had given independence to the monarchy, on the condition of obtaining representative institutions for themselves. But the people were now to be taught that the principles of such institutions were above their comprehension, and all discussion in relation to such principles was to be discountenanced, for our sage and liberal chancellor further says—"Still less is it to be suffered that arrogant authors should presume to praise such constitutional experiments (of whose value time only can judge) as the perfection of wisdom and happiness, and thus to beget confusion in the heads of the people." The "perfection of wisdom" was to be sought rather in such institutions as should tend to nurture in the people the faith that neither kings nor their ministers can ever do wrong, for this chief of the functionaries says—"The censors have to take care that all monarchs, governments, as well as their ministers, be spoken of with proper respect." What is meant by "proper respect," is explained afterwards in the course of the instructions addressed

to the different governments—instructions varied somewhat in each case, and all only too well adapted to convert the functionalism of the state into a huge artifice, ever working to preclude political intelligence from the people, and to perpetuate the grossest political deceptions in its room. "With regard to the United States," says our political mentor, "no exception will be taken to historical, geographical, and statistical observations relating to them; but care ought to be taken *not to give an incitement to emigration by any unnecessary commendation of the pretended happiness enjoyed in that country, nor by any great boasting of the wisdom of the American government.*" It was this mingled fear of emigration and of liberal principles, we may suppose, that prompted the Prussian minister to condemn "*all excessive praising of the king of Sweden, whom an evil-disposed party would fain elevate above all monarchs who possess their thrones by right of inheritance.*" The government that could descend to such a system as is brought out in these few sentences, we leave to the judgment which our readers will not fail to pass upon it.

Twice in the height of its reputation the strength of the Prussian monarchy was revealed, to the astonishment of Europe, as strength in appearance only. In 1806 it was prostrated in a single day by the battle of Jena. In 1850 it was saved only by an unconditional submission to the dictates of Austria, attempered by the intervention of that arbiter of the fate of Austria, and, we regret now to say, of Europe—Russia. But diseased as is the Prussian organization, it is tenacious of life. Now, indeed, it can hardly be said that the dynastic selfishness is the most formidable obstacle in the way either of the liberty or unity of the German states. The functionary selfishness, though it has grown out of the dynastic selfishness, has at length overgrown its parent. There is too much reason to believe, that had Frederic William shown any strong and steady leaning to the side of popular institutions, an effort would have been made by the bureaucracy and the army to have raised the prince of Prussia to the throne in his stead. In fact, the rumor of the king's resignation was more than once set afloat, at very critical junctures, by the party who were ready to have done their best towards bringing about such an event in the case of exigency. When the first storm of the revolution had passed, the military spirit was soon rekindled by daily skirmishes with the people, by a dragonade in Posen, and by the war with Sleswie-Holstein; and the functionaries, alarmed for their status and emoluments, rushed to their seats on the right, and in the centre, in the chambers at Berlin and Frankfurt. To the influence of these men, some ready to adhere to the monarchy on any terms, rather than see their selfish interest impaired; others holding by a moderate constitutionalism, and averse to the amount of change necessary to the regeneration of their country, we have to attribute the failure of the attempt made at Frankfurt towards a reconstruction of Germany. It is in its tendency to diffuse this timid and sordid temper, to lodge it in every family, and almost in every bosom, that we see the worst vice of a monarchy like that of Prussia.

We have shown in a previous paper the incompatibility of the Austrian monarchy with anything like the principles of a free government.* But as Austria has recovered its position in some degree by availing itself of the anti-German spirit of a

portion of its subjects, it may be well to show how the fate of Germany is bound up with that of her eastern neighbors, whatever they may be as to race, or as to their present condition. Germany has much to hope and fear from this source. Under Metternich, the different races of Austria of whom the Hungarians, the Germans, and the various tribes of the Slavonians formed the three principal constituents, had indulged their mutual jealousies and hatreds to a degree which only waited for a spark to burst into a flame.* Had these three peoples, at the outbreak of the revolution, been free from the jealousies and ambitions of race, and been less influenced by their monarchical and doctrinaire prepossessions, the case would have been comparatively simple. Hungary would have constituted a state to itself; the German part of Austria would have joined itself with Germany; and both being strong through the alliance of their common interest, would have forced the Slaves scattered between them to have taken sides with the one or the other. But as it was, each of them not only strove to preserve the Austrian monarchy, but each had become persuaded that its particular objects might be best secured through the medium of that central power. The Austrian representatives assembled at Vienna consisted of Slaves and Germans, the Italians and Hungarians being self-excluded, and the Slavonian members were much more numerous than the Germans. The court made its uses of the Slavonians so long as it had need of them. They regarded the fighting of the Austrian generals as meant to subdue forever their great rivals the Germans, the Hungarians, and the Italians; and they were allowed for a time to cherish the dream that all this would be found to be subservient to the long foretold ascendancy of the Slavic peoples—the children of Swatopluck. Much praise was bestowed upon the Slaves, and much calumny was heaped upon their rivals, by the court of Vienna; but the sword of Austria becoming once more ascendant, the Slaves and their rivals were speedily reduced to the same level. The fact, however, that the majority of the Vienna parliament consisted of Slavic deputies, prepared to sustain the house of Hapsburg from such motives, is enough to show the sort of political improvement which the world had a right to expect from that quarter.

During the same interval, circumstances made the Germans the natural allies of the Hungarians. Both clung to the principles of constitutionalism; but of a constitutionalism which would greatly have altered the position of the house of Hapsburg in its relation to the peoples subject to it. The Hungarians had come to entertain the thought of urging that the monarchy should be removed to Pesth; the Germans, for very plausible reasons, would have retained it in Vienna. But the Viennese did not see sufficiently, that being the centre of the Austrian monarchy could mean nothing in their case but their being the seat of a repressive power, the natural tendencies of which would be to expose them to the jealousies and disaffections of at least three-fourths of the races subject to their authority; while their relations to the central power of Germany, and to the Frankfurt parliament, would be

* Of the thirty-four millions under the sway of Austria, nearly one half are Slavonians, not more than six millions are Germans. In Russia the Slavonians number fifty-three millions. In Europe altogether, including six millions in Turkey, they are estimated at more than seventy-eight millions. Among these the attachment to race is everywhere strong.

specially obnoxious to the Slavonians and Italians, and in a degree also to the Hungarians. In short, this attempt to adapt an artificial constitutionalism, which merged the distinctions of countries and races, and to use for this end an artificial monarchy which had before merged them for its own purposes, was the great error, and what has followed is not only natural, but was all but inevitable. To save what were regarded as the rights of sovereigns, the constitutionalists of Germany hazarded everything, and have lost everything; and have done much to render their constitutionalism offensive, by exhibiting it as only another form of the arbitrary and unnatural. For to perpetuate all the states of Austria in their relation to the Austrian monarchy, and all the states of Prussia in their relation to the Prussian monarchy, and then to institute a great central power for all Germany over both these powers, whether to strengthen or to absorb them—what could this be in the eyes of intelligent men but to give more complexity, and a better prospect of duration, to all the essential mischiefs of German servitude! When the German people next try their hands on subjects of this nature, we have no doubt they will come to their work prepared to do more wisely.

The only clear-sighted politicians throughout the revolutionary struggle, with the exception of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, were the Poles—for the simple reason that their position shut them up to the course which time is demonstrating as the only one that can give emancipation to Europe. The Poles, in all the part they have taken in the insurrections of Europe, with the exception of a small party of doctrinaires, headed by Prince Czartorisky, have pursued only one course—their steady and avowed object being the destruction of the Austrian monarchy. It was on this point that they disagreed with the Slavonian Congress at Prague, and, separating their cause from that of the Tzcheks and Croats, joined the Hungarians. In reading the articles of the leading Polish journals during the struggle, it is astonishing to see the prophetic clearness with which they point to the probable issue of the movement, even so early as October, 1848; while other parties, amidst the whirl of their passions, or the fascination of their theories, were losing all trace as to the real connexion of affairs. In the month in which the *Slavische Centralblätter* (Oct. 13) commented on the fall of Vienna in such language as the following—"The avenging Nemesis has crushed whosoever has ventured to lift up his hand against Slavic liberty,"—the *Gazeta Polska*, the central paper of the Poles, expressed itself, even before the fate of Vienna was decided, in much wiser terms:—"The Viennese," says this journal, "are mistaken in holding up as they do the banner of Radicalism with one hand, and the unity of the Austrian empire with the other. The two things are in absolute antagonism, and can never be made to unite. But not less mistaken are the Austrian Slaves in endeavoring to retain that tottering fabric in their interest. Woe to Austria! We predict this, whether Vienna be conqueror or conquered. Victory on the part of the Viennese will be followed by a war in Bohemia, a war with the south Slaves, and perhaps even with the Tyrolese; by a second revolution in Venice and Lombardy—in short, by a civil war, and that war a war of race over the whole empire. Such an opportunity no nation earnest in the strife for liberty should allow to pass. Victory on the part of the emperor will be

followed by a war with the Magyars, by an ascendancy of the Slaves, and a temporary reaction. But the more violent the latter shall be, the more determined and powerful will be the revolution called forth by it. In all this it is a singular part that is played by the Slaves. They step forward as supporters of the throne—as champions for the rights of the emperor. Jellachich hastens with his Croats to Vienna; the Lipa Slowanska, and the students of Prague, call upon the Bohemians to march against Vienna; the Tzchech-deputies (Slavonians) leave their seats, and declare the diet illegal and revolutionary. Do the Croats act thus because they have a great affection for absolutism? Do the Lipa Slowanska and the Tzchech-deputies act thus because of their strong anti-democratic convictions? Certainly not—inasmuch as absolutism has been to this moment the cause of all their misfortunes and wrongs. We cannot agree with them—we cannot praise them; but in place of blindly condemning them, we must try to understand their position. They see only the one side of the *solidarité*—the point between Vienna and Frankfort; and Frankfort is for Bohemia precisely what it is for us Poles in the grand-duchy of Posen—the destruction of nationality, the triumph of Wutke, and such people, who lay claim to Prague as one of the oldest German towns. At this moment, the Tzcheks see in the Austrian emperor, not their own absolute master, but the enemy of the Magyars and the enemy of Frankfort, and they are allied to him by the same ties of interest. To retain possession of Hungary he must subdue the Magyars, and to subdue the Magyars, must be to deliver such Slavonians as are subject to the Magyar power, to organize the three southern Slavonian kingdoms, to render them independent of the Magyar dominion, and to secure an equality of rights to those Slovaks whom the Magyars have so long held in subjection. Let the saving of the imperial power be the work of the Slavonians, against the will of the Germans, and that power can no longer rest on a German basis, but must rest on that to which it has now betaken itself—viz., the Slavonian. Such is the calculation of the Slavonians—but, simple as it appears, it may deceive them. Having once become the instruments of a foreign will, they will find it no easy matter to emancipate themselves from that power. If absolutism should triumph, and should gather new force by the war, it will soon turn that force against the men, whom it knows only as uncertain friends for the present, and as certain enemies for the future. It will prosecute its own schemes, without the least care about the interests of those who, assisting them for a while, were only aiming through that medium to serve their own purposes. Austria is German by its origin, and is now much too old to change its nature, and become an ally of the Slavonians."

Our readers will feel that this is sagacious and powerful writing, especially when they call to mind that it was published early in October, 1848, before Windischgrätz had captured Vienna. The passage shows that both the Poles and the Magyars have a vital interest in the unity of Germany, provided it can be brought about by a wiser course than that pursued at Frankfort, which, if it had been successful, would have ended in setting up a colossal central power, that would have laid its unnatural and heavy yoke on something like half the princes and peoples of Europe. By dissolving Austria and Prussia, and combining the German

provinces included in those monarchies in one great confederation, Hungary would have been left to settle her own affairs, after the manner most congenial to her. The Magyars, who had done so much in the direction of freedom and equality before the revolution of February, would have done more in the new circumstances which followed, and would probably have retained a constitutional monarchy, which we can regard as being quite as much in its place in Hungary, England, and it may be in Poland, as it would be out of place in Germany, France, or Italy. With regard to the Poles, the portion of their territory included in Prussia and Austria being set free, and it being the interest both of the Magyar and German states that Russia should not be allowed to take possession of them, the natural consequence would have been a reconstruction of Poland. The following passage from the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, of January 27, 1848, may assist our readers in judging how far a change ever thus great may ere long present itself. "The position in which the Hungarian nobility stand to the court of Vienna is precisely the position in which the nobility of Russian Poland, including the provinces of Sarmatia, Ukraina, and Little Russia, acquired as early as the last century, stand to the Tsar. In the north-east there exists a widely-spread conspiracy, reaching from the Austrian frontiers until you approach Moscow on one side, and Odessa on the other, and in which a great part of the nobles of this extensive territory are involved. The democratic spirit of Western Europe, without changing its real nature, has in the East put on an aristocratic garb. Those Russian malecontents look on the Tsar as a usurper of German origin—as a foreign tyrant whose yoke must be shaken off. They are dreaming of constitutions, of the division of powers, of guarantees for what they hold to be their rights. Their eyes are now directed upon Hungary and Kossuth. If Kossuth be victorious, they will rise, and then, in all probability, the potentate of the north will have some difficulty in putting them down, since, in the Russian army itself, this spirit, silent as it may now seem, has made considerable progress. Nicholas knows and fears the net which is thus cast about him. It does not admit of being torn asunder by any of the ordinary means of power, for this simple reason, that, however formidable, it is a conspiracy which consists not in definite stipulations, so much as in a general sentiment—a compressed spark of hatred, ready to break out at the first fitting season. It is intangible as the air. Nicholas is not ignorant that he stands on a crater, and that his own safety depends on the success of the Austrian arms in Hungary. Suppose England to have prevented the success of the Austrian arms in Hungary, by preventing the Russian invasion of that country, what would have been the condition of the European family of nations on this 1st of November, 1851? Whatever answer may be given to that question, the above passage shows clearly enough the great motive for the part taken by the Russian cabinet against popular liberty, not only in Hungary but throughout Europe. This also will explain, not only why the Hungarian revolution should have been aided by the Poles, but how it came to pass that in Piedmont, Sicily, Baden—in all places where the old order of absolutism was attacked, Polish generals are found in the van. The saying of Rousseau, though nearly a century old, still embodies a terrible truth—"Poland is swallowed, but not digested!"

We have now arrived at the last and strongest hold of absolutism—European diplomacy. By this agency, the present artificial system has been called into existence, and this agency is now acting as a most formidable phalanx for the defence of it. Opposed to it is the rising spirit of humanity over all these European lands, demanding rights for man as such, for nationalities as such—demanding this sometimes awkwardly and inarticularly, but not the less earnestly, not the less in the manner which may be taken as a prophecy that the time will come in which the proudest will be made to acknowledge it.

The different cabinets of Europe have a deep interest in the present dismembered state of Germany. A glance at the diplomatic history of Europe since the year 1815 will suffice to show that by the forcible dismemberment of Poland, Germany, and Italy, all the continental powers have been brought into such a state as to feel at every turn the influence of Russia so as to be compelled to subserve her interests.

The great object of the Russian policy is the quiet and safe occupation of Constantinople. Gaining that point, not only the Austrian empire and Asia Minor would be in its power, but the Mediterranean and Persia. The German and Hungarian parts of Austria form a comparatively feeble enclosure between the Slavonians of the north, including the Tzchees and Slówacks, and those of the south, including the Illyrians, Croats, and Servians. The latter are not only of the same general race, but of the same tribe and religion, with the greater part of the inhabitants of Turkey. Were Russia to come into possession of that country, it would be her policy, as in all such cases, to excite the national and the religious fanaticism of the peasantry—each of whom has a portrait of the Tsar and of St. Nicholas in his room—to such an extent as to cause a war of extermination against the other two races; which would issue in the interference of Russia, and the final incorporation of Austria as a part of her domain. In this manner, Russian diplomacy spreads its network from the centre of Europe to the centre of Asia. Many authentic documents, well known to men who take an interest in general politics, place it beyond doubt that such are the designs of Russia. The degree in which they menace the commercial interests of this country need not be pointed out. To have to stipulate at St. Petersburg for the conditions on which we might cross the Isthmus of Suez, would be somewhat humiliating.

The Russian policy in pursuit of this object has ever been, not only to generate strife between government and government, but between peoples bordering upon each other, and even between people in the same territory: the intention being to produce such entanglement and weakness as may afford plea or occasion for executing its own plans of encroachment. In this manner the Russians have advanced step by step since the commencement of the present century, in spite of remonstrances, and even threats, from other governments—from our own among the rest. To such remonstrances, as proceeding from ourselves, Count Nesselrode has always answered, and no doubt always will answer, in the language of a most friendly and ready submission to everything reasonable, but without any thought of cutting the nook in a single instance so as to lose hold on his coveted prey.

On the fall of Napoleon, the war period was succeeded by the diplomatic period, and from that time the Russian cabinet began to spread its intrigues

through Italy, in such a manner as to give the Austrians, the French, and the English enough to do to sustain their respective influences there. Austria especially might well complain of what she has suffered from this cause. Russia has given its secret aid to conspiracies and disaffections of all sorts, both among Italians and Germans, that the resources of the governments affected by them might be consumed in the precautions deemed necessary to provide against them. Not, of course, that the Russian cabinet has any sympathy with professions of liberalism, either by small princes, or by oppressed peoples; or that the Carbonari of Italy, or their brother conspirators, the *Burschenschaft* of Germany, were people of the sort that Nicholas would be disposed to favor as his own subjects. But it might be the tendency of any or of all these agencies to weaken his neighbors, and his own strength would grow by that weakness. While, for this high-minded purpose, governments were to be set against governments, and the disaffections between the ruling and the ruled were to be fanned into a flame, all Germany was to be kept in a state of morbid fear and hatred against France, so as occasionally to force both nations into costly preparations for war. With a refinement in artifice worthy of Machiavelli, the selfishness of the German princes, the peculiarities of the German character, the vanities of different nations and communities, all were wrought upon, partly by securing the services of their most talented authors, and partly by means of documents addressed directly to the different governments, setting forth with great skill the dangers said to be looming in the distance from the democratic spirit of France and England. One document of this description has been recently published, and a passage from it will suggest what we wish our readers to apprehend:—"We may take into consideration," says this authority, "the case of Germany, as subdued in a war against France and England. In this most mournful event, the German governments whose possessions are on the left and right bank of the Rhine would find themselves compelled to make common cause with France against Eastern Germany, aiding to force the latter to a disastrous peace, which would probably indemnify France by surrendering to her the whole left bank of the Rhine, and by ceding much, especially great commercial advantages, to England. But however melancholy such a reverse of things would be to Germany, this kind of loss would not admit of comparison with the fearful consequences which the triumph of French and English constitutional principles would bring along with it, in respect to the German confederation and the separate states of the union." Then follows a picture, dark and terrible in its coloring, of the horrors that must ensue from this possible ascendancy of the French or the English constitutionalism.

It must not be supposed that the object of the Russian diplomatist in discoursing after this manner is to prepare the way for any direct attack on the territories of Germany or Austria. His intention is, that these powers may become so alarmed as to find too much to do at home, to allow of their placing any impediment in the way of his own plans in another direction—the direction of Constantinople. The first movement of Russia in that direction was on the territory of Bessarabia, which gave her possession of the mouths of the Danube. This was done when the exhaustion of the Napoleon war was in process, leaving Austria incapable of resistance, and England with little disposition

to quarrel with an ally on whose services much was depending. The commerce of the greatest of European rivers thus passed into the hands of Russia, to the great injury both of Austria and Turkey. It was not until 1838 that the eyes of English statesmen began to be opened to the real importance of the Oriental question. The conflicts which then began between the Sultans of Persia and Turkey on the one side, and their insurgent vassals on the other, brought to light the connexion between the state of things in those regions and our own interests, so as to prepare Lord Palmerston for entering into the real bearings of the case. Since that time, his lordship has kept watch incessantly at the gates of the Bosphorus.

But being well aware that it is exceedingly difficult to be always on the watch, and that as circumstances did once combine Russia, Austria, and France against England, so it may be again, our government has been aiming, during the last ten or fifteen years, to secure such friendly relations with some power or powers on the continent, as might relieve it in some degree from the necessity of this rigorous outlook. If, however, the character and relations of the chief continental states be such as we have described, it is manifestly absurd to expect that the diplomatic skill at our disposal will be found a match for that exercised by Russia, the odds of circumstances being so much against us. We have come, also, with deep reluctance, to the conclusion, that it is not merely futile, but cruel, to extend encouragement to popular principles in Prussia, Austria, or Italy, except we are prepared to approve of changes, and to aid in the promotion of changes, that must be fatal to the dynastic tyrannies which have so long ruled in those countries. The struggle to come will not be one between the comparative merits of the three forms of political rules, Monarchy, Aristocracy, or Democracy, but rather between three races, the Romanic, the German, and the Slavonian. In what manner these several races will emancipate themselves, and what forms of government they will severally adopt when emancipated, time only can reveal. This change may come more speedily, or it may occupy many generations. It may be worked into existence through much disorder and bloodshed, or it may result—as we sincerely hope it will—from more humane influences, as a more rapid intercommunication, a freer commerce, and a constantly-widening intelligence. Or, as is most probable, it may come, not from one of these causes, but from a mixture of both. We have ourselves become gray-headed in our worship of constitutionalism, and we reverence it still as the best thing for England; but we say it deliberately, and with deep sorrow, that we see no hope for the liberties of Europe so long as the Austrian and Prussian monarchies are allowed to exist. The removal of two families from their supremacy would suffice to allow the people of Europe to drop into their natural positions and relationships, and would place the several races, and the sections of those races, at liberty to work out their own development and progress, in the manner most congenial to their nature, history, and circumstances. To remain as they are is to be nothing better than the prizes played for by the skill of cabinets, or fought for by those who fight only for booty. Once free, and allowed to care for their own after their own manner, there might be governments of various forms, emanating from the public will, in Frankfort or Pesh, in Warsaw or Rome, and each be wholly free from

jealousy of the other. No man acquainted with the working of popular institutions in this country, can have become familiar with the chief cities and states of the continent, without finding the conviction forced upon him, that there must have been something very unnatural at work to have left a people of so much intelligence—in great part of very high intelligence—without almost a vestige of self-government. Almost instinctively, one feels prompted, if possible, to tear away the imposture that has sufficed to perpetuate so much wrong. These men are fully alive to the advantages which arise from the peaceful intercourse of nations, and are much less disposed to look to the sword as the instrument of progress, than to the political education that would be realized by the people, if once brought into the working of free and native institutions. In a distribution of territory according to races, there are districts, like the Grand-Duchy of Posen, where the population is mixed, so as to render it uncertain to which of their neighbors—the Poles or the Germans—they may with most fitness and advantage ally themselves. But since the principle of this new organization, towards which all the recent and costly movements of peoples, even in their very failures, are tending, is not so much territorial as national, not designed to say who should be the possessors of certain tracts of country, so much as to secure to individuals and nations the right to act for themselves in relation to their own resources, their own institutions, and their own development and progress—this higher question of race being ceded, the lower one of mere territory would soon adjust itself. These observations apply to the final settlement of the Slavic districts which lie between the Poles, Germans, and Hungarians, on the one hand, and between some of these and the Turks on the other. It may be safely left to them to determine to which of these communities they will ally themselves, or to resolve to act for themselves through the medium of institutions better adapted to their character and circumstances than anything likely to come to them from Poland, Germany, or Hungary. States thus severally independent—dependent on a natural basis—might still, as the result of their common civilization, of their common commercial interest, and for their common defence, have their common centre or centres of unity, as in the case of the old Greek cities who were thus bound by the Achean League, in the case of the United Provinces of Europe, and of the United States in America.

We do not pretend to the merit of having been the first to fall upon the idea of such a process of readjustment and regeneration in the affairs of Europe. Having been much in the way of knowing what the people of the continent think about their own affairs, and having read much about them, as we call the whole to mind, the course we have explained, as that by which Providence may still be found to regenerate this grand portion of the earth, assigning to its peoples a progress the glory of which will be greater than that of anything that has preceded, may, we think, be taken as an expression given to the ideas and feelings that are laboring for utterance almost everywhere, especially among the more wronged and energetic nations. In such a new order of things, the National parties and the Cosmopolitan parties might cordially unite, as in the great step necessary to all solid hope of advancement. To the cosmopolitan we would say—that God's diversified earth ensures a diversified humanity, and that all unions of men

on a large scale must be the union of the different—the unlike. Were the earth reduced, not merely to the likeness of Burnet's ivory ball, but to an ivory flat, we might then calculate on some day seeing a humanity without diversity, and without separateness—but would that change be for the better?

We look over the surface of a large portion of Europe, and, calling to mind its ancient glories, we are naturally led to ask—and is there no hope? The Mediterranean—the sea which was once, as its name imports, encircled by nearly all that was known as the civilized world—the noble countries that still border upon its waters, how like an exhausted soil that has been worked until it will yield no more fruit do they seem! And is there no new process of political and moral husbandry that may be brought successfully to bear upon them? We dare not suppose that. Europe is not, like Asia, shut up to one form of development—to one round of social existence. Her history has not been thus. Come into new culture and into new fruitfulness she will, and we are only solicitous to discern, if possible, what this new culture will be, that we may do something, however small, towards speeding the flow in that direction. Every day the struggle is verging itself more and more into the narrow compass of three words—'MONARCHIES *versus* NATIONALITIES.'

So long as the present monarchies exist they must be great military monarchies. The sovereign will not surrender his command of the huge forces at his disposal. His plea about the national safety on the one side, will be placed over against all that may be said about dangers to the national liberty on the other. But retaining this power, he retains the power wherewith it will be easy to "bring back everything" at one time, that may have been ceded at another. Monarchy, so conditioned, may yield for the moment to external pressure; but it is in its nature that it should rebound at the first favorable juncture—and even that it should create such junctures if they should seem to be slow in coming. We say again, that the maxim—NO FAITH WITH SUBJECTS—has been preached so unblushingly before all Europe that it cannot be forgotten. Hence the alternative now in the distance has come to be—either a military tyranny more degrading and terrible than European civilization has yet known; or such a return to nationality as shall give to the peoples of Europe the ultimate power, not merely in respect to legislation, but in respect to the executive—such power as will, in effect, secure that the military force sustained at the public cost, shall not be exercised in ways contrary to the public will. To these conditions the present leading sovereigns will not submit; and inasmuch as these monarchs will never consent to exist in this state of weakness, and inasmuch as the peoples dare not again trust them with their former powers, the nature of the war that has become inevitable must be patent to every man.

What part our own country is to take in relation to these probable changes is a question of some moment, but one very difficult to answer. The English people will, no doubt, sympathize with the right thing; but our men of wealth, and those who regard it as their great function to watch over the interest of such, must not be expected to be so magnanimous. It is something to know that the mischief which may proceed from such parties is mainly negative. They cannot prevent the natural course of things; it may be perilous even to at-

tempt it; and to accept of treason itself as no treason, when once it becomes successful, will be quite in accordance with the maxims of the low selfishness by which the conduct of such men is but too commonly regulated. We could wish to see the English government acquit itself wisely and generously in relation to these broad questions; but it has done so little in this way through the past, that we fear much concerning it for the future.

We are not inobservant of the talk of many of our "Peace Society" friends. But in our grave judgment the tendencies of not a little of that talk are anything but wise, anything but humane. We have a deep horror of war—of the war which destroys by the sword. But we have a deeper horror still of the war that destroys by the many thousand forms of lingering death that are ever taking place beneath the dark wings of the demon of absolutism. To die in the battle-field may be terrible—to die in the night, and loneliness, and foulness of the dungeon is a thousand-fold more terrible. We lament that thousands should perish as seamen or soldiers; but we lament with a sadder grief that millions should be dwarfed in mind, corrupted in heart, thrust down from their place as men, to be used up as so much mere material—and all that a certain family may rule, or that some chance possessor of power may continue to possess it. Absolutism is the Upas tree of mind. It inverts every principle of morals. It knows nothing of religion except as an engine of state. Man ceases to be man as subject to its pressure. We have no wish to see the world at the bidding of such masters. The cost must be great that should not be freely incurred to place it in other hands. To bear with absolutism, wherever it can be put down, is to be false to humanity and to God.

From the Spectator.

COLTON'S DECK AND PORT.*

THE chaplain of the United States frigate Congress, who accompanied the ship in her voyage to the Sandwich Islands and California about the breaking out of the Mexican war, is an American Episcopalian—and, we should imagine, not the most presentable specimen of the church, in print or ashore. Mr. Colton is no novice in the navy; he has spent years on the ocean, visited many parts of the world, and nothing in him but doth suffer a sea-change. He combines in himself some of the characteristics of the old English parson, the superfine sentiment and laxity of principle of young America, and the "vital religion" which has superseded the respectable formalism of our fathers, and to all these he superadds something of the unsophisticated Jack. He quotes *Don Juan*, and smokes a cigar; but he eschews the opera, (to avoid misconception,) and seems from his denunciations to have taken the temperance pledge. In his public or political ideas he has the notions of the fierce, free, and enlightened democracy; his decision being guided less by the deed itself than whether it bear upon meum or tuum. He canvasses authority, not perhaps with greater freedom than divines at home, for they can let out upon occasion, but in a more lay style, and in a way that would

hardly be found in an English chaplain till he had resigned. Yet with these and some other peculiarities, Mr. Colton seems to have a strong sense of his religious duties, and some skill in them, if we may judge from his services, and the subject and drift of his sermons, with the scope of which the reader is duly favored almost as regularly as the Sunday comes round.

The volume is only a transcript from the author's diary, broken down into chapters at the suggestion of the publisher. As Mr. Colton has the habit of pouring himself out upon paper, a good deal of the voyage consists less of facts or incidents than of reflections thereupon; reverie being easier than observation, and the matter of the voyage not furnishing much that was new to observe, unless it was the difficulty experienced in doubling Cape Horn—an exploit which took them upwards of a fortnight. On shore the chaplain is better than at sea; although he there records a good deal which is trivial, or is made so in his description, while the habit of expansion sticks to him. However, his cloth provides him with subjects for observation, and his experience enables him to illustrate them by reference to other countries. Here are some fair hits at Popery, from Valparaiso.

Sunday, March 8th.—Divine service on board; a large attendance of Americans from the shore. Subject of the discourse, cause and criminality of indecision in matters of religion. The state religion of Chili is the Roman Catholic. Protestant forms of worship are tolerated, but in a private way. The erection of churches for the purpose is not permitted; a hall may be used, if it has no symbols of consecration. Think of that, my dear papal brothers in the United States, kneeling in your sumptuous cathedrals while your vesper-bells summon from their lofty steeples the faithful to prayer. And you talk to us Protestants about toleration! why, there is more toleration in my Uncle Toby's tea-pot than can be found in the whole Papal See.

Before you assay the ballot-box again, because the Bible, without note or comment, is permitted in our public schools, look abroad and see what privileges you extend to Protestants. In those countries where your religion and laws are all paramount, you do not tolerate the consecration of the humblest chapel; and as for a steeple and bell, they would not stand long enough to knell their own ruin. And yet you talk of toleration, and lecture the whole world on Christian charity! The language of forbearance and fraternal love melts from your lips as softly as dew on the flowers of Hermon. One would think, from your professions, Protestants must have a perfect elysium in your lands. But somehow it strangely happens that they are disqualified for holding any office of civil trust, and are denied even a consecrated place of worship; they are fortunate if allowed the sanctity of the grave.

In Chili, intolerance flows purely from the mandates of the papal hierarchy. Legislators, as a body, are well disposed; but they cannot carry their liberal measures without putting the stability of their civil institutions in peril. An act of religious toleration would be followed by ecclesiastical denunciations, and appeals to the passions of the mass, which would result in revolution and blood.

During his voyage along the coasts of South America, the chaplain made inquiries into the moral state of the people; which he found but so-so, especially at Lima. This is one of the arrangements there.

Thursday, April 23.—When a young female consents to become the mistress of a man here, she requires of him a certificate that he will not marry without her consent. This certificate she deposits

* Deck and Port; or, Incidents of a Cruise to California. With Sketches of Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Lima, Honolulu, and San Francisco. By the Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "A Visit to Constantinople and Athens." Published by Partridge and Oakley.

with the Bishop of Lima, and purchases a dispensation for the irregularity involved in the compact. Should the man, from weariness or any other motive, attempt to effect a marriage arrangement with another person without her consent, she calls at once on the bishop, who threatens her delinquent, if he perseveres, with the highest pains and penalties of the church.

He is thus reduced to the necessity of either making an adequate settlement on the person with whom he entered into the illicit arrangement, or of foregoing entirely his matrimonial purposes. The object of the bishop is to prevent a dishonored female, with perhaps three or four children, from being thrown on the world without any means of support. Whether this motive, even when its object is achieved, can justify the semi-official sanction of the compact, is another question. But this I may say, it often prevents the heartless libertine from selfishly abandoning one for whose guilt and ruin he is measurably responsible. If he don't like the conditions, then let him decline the arrangement; it is at best only a passport to guilt and sorrow.

The chaplain made himself acquainted with the language of signs in the same place, and he seems to have been rather taken with their significance.

Wednesday, April 22.—Flowers here play an important part in love matters. If a lady presents a gentleman with a rose in the morning, it is significant of the fact that he has not yet, at least in her imagination, passed into the yellow leaf; but if she presents it to him in the evening, there is no hope for him, unless he can rejuvenate himself. These floral gifts at the anniversary of the lady's birthday fly about thick as Cupid's arrows. They are graceful advances when presented by gentlemen, and delicate responses when given by ladies.

The Indian girl has less reserve in her love recognitions; she sends a pretty doll, on a nice little couch, covered with white jessamine flowers. This is a broader intimation than that given through the rose by the Spanish lady; but it proceeds from a heart quite as guileless and chaste. If I must confide in the purity and fidelity of either, let it be in the one who thus embodies the instincts of her sex in these mimic miniatures of life.

Mr. Colton is an anti-slavery-man; and he anticipates danger to Brazil from her domestic institution, but admits that slavery there is not so bad as he expected. However, he did not see plantation slavery, which is the worst feature.

The condition of the slave population here is much less abject and wretched than I expected to find it. Slaves are generally treated with kindness and humanity by their masters. Their color operates less to their prejudice than with us. Their freedom, in many cases, lies within their reach, and may be obtained, as it often is, by industry and frugality. The owner who should demand an exorbitant price for a slave, who wishes to earn his freedom, would be severely censured. When free, he goes to the ballot-box, and is eligible to a seat in the national legislature.

Nor would anybody here go into hysterics should he marry a woman whose skin should be a shade whiter than his own. It is for us Americans to preach up humanity, freedom, and equality, and then turn up our blessed noses if an African takes a seat at the same table on board a steam-boat. Even in our churches he is obliged to look out some obscure nook, and dodge along towards heaven as if he had no business on the "narrow way." The misery is, that they who preach equality the loudest are generally the last to practise it. They are generally for levelling downwards: but give me the man who

tries to level upwards. Give me the man whose smiles are like the rays of the sun—if they strike the loftiest objects first, it is only that they may glance to the lowest.

There seems generally greater freedom from prejudice in Brazil than in the other South American states; perhaps owing to the residence of the court there for a number of years. The superstition of the people, too, is less.

Tuesday, Jan. 6.—The religion of the Brazilians, as seen in their legislative policy, is less trammelled by superstition than in most countries where papacy prevails. The Pope, a few years since, sent a legate to this court. It is expected, in such cases, that the salary of the legate will be paid by the country to which he is accredited. But the Brazilian legislature, not having the fear of the Vatican before their eyes, voted that his holiness might pay his own representative. He was of course recalled. Such has been the abuse here of ecclesiastical supremacy, such its interference in political affairs, and such its onerous pecuniary exactions, that there has been a sweeping reaction, and the civil power of the Pope is openly set at defiance.

As for the priests here, should they attempt to set up any secular authority, they would only expose themselves to derision. There is vastly more reverence for the decisions of the Papal See among the Roman Catholics of our country, than there is among the Brazilians. Were a bishop here to interfere at an election, it would cost him his episcopate. It is for us Americans to submit to such an outrage on the sanctity of the ballot-box.

The volume closes with the arrival at San Francisco; but Mr. Colton indulges the reader with some sketches of the place when the gold-diggings had been discovered and the fever was at its height—whether from fancy, or as a leaf from an actual journal, we do not know.

A TEA DRINKER.—Hazlitt, the celebrated writer and critic, usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve; and, if he had no work in hand, he would sit over his breakfast (of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon, silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, like a Turk over his opinion pouch; for tea served him in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and, at the same time, the only luxury; the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef, mutton, poultry, or game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but black tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got, and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it for himself, half filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out, using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. To judge of its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced ultimately a most injurious effect upon him, and, in all probability, hastened his death, which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and, not feeling any subsequent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the very last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar to that which terminated his life.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

CHAPTER XLVIII.—A VILLAGE "SYNDICUS."

I SAT up all night listening to the soldiers' stories of war and campaigning. Some had served with Soult's army in the Asturias; some made part of Davoust's corps in the north of Europe; one had just returned from Friedland, and amused us with describing the celebrated conference at Tilsit, where he had been a sentinel on the river side, and presented arms to the two emperors as they passed. It will seem strange, but it is a fact, that this slight incident attracted towards him a greater share of his comrades' admiration than was accorded to those who had seen half the battle-fields of modern war.

He described the dress, the air, the general bearing of the emperors; remarking that although Alexander was taller, and handsomer, and even more soldierlike than our own emperor, there was a something of calm dignity and conscious majesty in Napoleon that made him appear immeasurably the superior. Alexander wore the uniform of the Russian guard, one of the most splendid it is possible to conceive, the only thing simple about him was his sword, which was a plain sabre with a tarnished gilt scabbard, and a very dirty sword knot; and yet every moment he used to look down at it and handle it with great apparent admiration; and "well might he," added the soldier, "Napoleon had given it to him but the day before."

To listen even to such meagre details as these was to light up again in my heart the fire that was only smouldering, and that no life of peasant labor or obscurity could ever extinguish. My companions quickly saw the interest I took in their narratives, and certainly did their utmost to feed the passion—now with some sketch of a Spanish marauding party, as full of adventure as a romance; now with a description of northern warfare, where artillery thundered on the ice, and men fought behind entrenchments of deep snow.

From the North Sea to the Adriatic, all Europe was now in arms. Great armies were marching in every direction; some along the deep valley of the Danube, others from the rich plains of Poland and Silesia; some were passing the Alps into Italy, and some again were pouring down for the Tyrol "Jochs," to defend the rocky passes of their native land against the invader. Patriotism and glory, the spirit of chivalry and conquest, all were abroad, and his must indeed have been a cold heart which could find within it no response to the stirring sounds around. To the intense feeling of shame which I at first felt at my own life of obscure inactivity, there now succeeded a feverish desire to be somewhere and do something to dispel this worse than lethargy. I had not resolution to tell my comrades that I had served; I felt reluctant to speak of a career so abortive and unsuccessful; and yet I blushed at the half-pitying expressions they bestowed upon my life of inglorious adventure.

"You risk life and limb here in these pine forests, and hazard existence for a bear or a chamois goat," cried one, "and half the peril in real war would perhaps make you a Chef d'Escadron or even a general."

"Ay," said another, "we serve in an army where crowns are military distinctions, and the epaulette is only the first step to a kingdom."

"True," broke in a third, "Napoleon has changed the whole world, and made soldiering the only trade worth following. Massena was a drummer boy within my own memory, and see him now! Ney was not born to great wealth and honors. Junot never could learn his trade as a cobbler, and for want of better has become a general of division."

"Yes, and," said I, following out the theme, "under that wooden roof yonder, through that little diamond-paned window the vine is trained across, a greater than any of the last three first saw the light. It was there Kleber, the conqueror of Egypt, was born."

"Honor to the brave dead!" said the soldiers from their places around the fire, and carrying their hands to the salute. "We'll fire a salvo to him to-morrow before we set out!" said the corporal. "And so Kleber was born there!" said he, resuming his place, and staring with admiring interest at the dark outline of the old house, as it stood out against the starry and cloudless sky.

It was somewhat of a delicate task for me to prevent my companions offering their tribute of respect, but which the old peasant would have received with little gratitude, seeing that he had never yet forgiven the country nor the service for the loss of his son. With some management I accomplished this duty, however, promising my services at the same time to be their guide through the Bregenzer Wald, and not to part with them till I had seen them safely into Bavaria.

Had it not been for my thorough acquaintance with the Tyrolean dialect, and all the usages of Tyrol life, their march would have been one of great peril, for already the old hatred against their Bavarian oppressors was beginning to stir the land, and Austrian agents were traversing the mountain districts in every direction, to call forth that patriotic ardor which, ill-requited as it has been, has more than once come to the rescue of Austria.

So sudden had been the outbreak of this war, and so little aware were the peasantry of the frontier of either its object or aim, that we frequently passed recruits for both armies on their way to head-quarters on the same day; honest Bavarians, who were trudging along the road with pack on their shoulders, and not knowing, nor indeed much caring, on which side they were to combat. My French comrades scorned to report themselves to any German officer, and pushed on

vigorously in the hope of meeting with a French regiment. I had now conducted my little party to Immenstadt, at the foot of the Bavarian Alps; and, having completed my compact, was about to bid them good-by.

We were seated around our bivouac fire for the last time, as we deemed it, and pledging each other in a parting glass, when suddenly our attention was attracted to a bright red tongue of flame that suddenly darted up from one of the Alpine summits above our head. Another and another followed, till at length every mountain peak for miles and miles away displayed a great signal-fire! Little knew we that behind that giant range of mountains, from the icy crags of the Glockner, and from the snowy summit of the Orteler itself, similar fires were summoning all Tyrol to the combat; while every valley resounded with the war-cry of "God and the Emperor!" We were still in busy conjecture what all this might portend, when a small party of mounted men rode past us at a trot. They carried carbines slung over their peasant frocks, and showed unmistakably enough that they were some newly-raised and scarcely-disciplined force. After proceeding about a hundred yards beyond us they halted, and drew up across the road, unslinging their pieces as if to prepare for action.

"Look at those fellows, yonder," said the old corporal, as he puffed his pipe calmly and deliberately; "they mean mischief, or I'm much mistaken. Speak to them, Tiernay; you know their jargon."

I accordingly arose and advanced towards them, touching my hat in salute as I went forward. They did not give me much time, however, to open negotiations, for scarcely had I uttered a word, when bang went a shot close beside me; another followed; and then a whole volley was discharged, but with such haste and ill direction that not a ball struck me. Before I could take advantage of this piece of good fortune to renew my advances, a bullet whizzed by my head, and down went the left-hand horse of the file, at first on his knees, and then, with a wild plunge into the air, he threw himself stone dead on the road, the rider beneath him. As for the rest, throwing off carbines and cartouche-boxes, they sprang from their horses, and took to the mountains with a speed that showed how far more they were at home amidst rocks and heather than when seated on the saddle. My comrades lost no time in coming up; but while three of them kept the fugitives in sight, covering them all the time with their muskets, the others secured the cattle, as in amazement and terror they stood around the dead horse.

Although the peasant had received no other injuries than a heavy fall and his own fears inflicted, he was overcome with terror, and so certain of death that he would do nothing but mumble his prayers, totally deaf to all the efforts I made to restore his courage.

"That comes of putting a man out of his

natural bent," said the old corporal. "On his native mountains, and with his rifle, that fellow would be brave enough; but making a dragoon of him is like turning a Cossack into a foot soldier. One thing is clear enough, we've no time to throw away here; these peasants will soon alarm the village in our rear, so that we had better mount and press forward."

"But in what direction?" cried another; "who knows if we shall not be rushing into worse danger?"

"Tiernay must look to that," interposed a third. "It's clear he can't leave us now; his retreat is cut off, at all events."

"That's the very point I was thinking of, lads," said I. "The beacon fires show that the 'Tyrol is up,' and safely as I have journeyed hither I know well I dare not venture to retrace my road; I'd be shot in the first Dorf I entered. On one condition, then, I'll join you; and short of that, however, I'll take my own path, come what may of it."

"What's the condition, then?" cried three or four, together.

"That you give me the full and absolute command of this party, and pledge your honor, as French soldiers, to obey me in everything, till the day we arrive at the head quarters of a French corps."

"What, obey a Pekin! take the *mot d'ordre* from a civilian that never handled a firelock!" shouted three or four, in derision.

"I have served, and with distinction, too, my lads," said I, calmly; "and if I have not handled a firelock, it is because I wielded a sabre, as an officer of Hussars. It is not here, nor now, that I am going to tell why I wear the epaulette no longer. I'll render account of that to my superiors and yours! If you reject my offer, and I don't press you to accept it, let us at least part good friends. As for me I can take care of myself." As I said this, I slung over my shoulder the cross-belt and carbine of one of the fugitives, and selecting a strongly-built, short-legged black horse as my mount, I adjusted the saddle, and sprang on his back.

"That was done like an old hussar, anyhow," said a soldier, who had been a cavalry man, "and I'll follow you, whatever the rest may do." He mounted as he spoke, and saluted as if on duty. Slight as the incident was, its effect was magical. Old habits of discipline revived at the first signal of obedience, and the corporal, having made his men fall in, came up to my side for orders.

"Select the best of these horses," said I, "and let us press forward at once. We are about eighteen miles from the village of Wangheim; by halting a short distance outside of it, I can enter alone, and learn something about the state of the country, and the nearest French post. The cattle are all fresh, and we can easily reach the village before daybreak."

Three of my little "command" were tolerable horsemen, two of them having served in the artil-

lery train, and the third being the dragoon I have alluded to. I accordingly threw out a couple of these as an advanced picquet, keeping the last as my aide-de-camp at my side. The remainder formed the rear, with orders, if attacked, to dismount at once, and fire over the saddle, leaving myself and the others to manœuvre as cavalry. This was the only way to give confidence to those soldiers who in the ranks would have marched up to a battery, but on horseback were totally devoid of self-reliance. Meanwhile, I imparted such instructions in equitation as I could, my own old experience as a riding-master well enabling me to select the most necessary and least difficult of a horseman's duties. Except the old corporal, all were very creditable pupils; but he, possibly deeming it a point of honor not to discredit his old career, rejected everything like teaching, and openly protested that, save to run away from a victorious enemy, or follow a beaten one, he saw no use in cavalry.

Nothing could be in better temper, however, nor more amicable, than our discourses on this head; and as I let drop, from time to time, little hints of my services on the Rhine and in Italy, I gradually perceived that I grew higher in the esteem of my companions, so that ere we rode a dozen miles together their confidence in me became complete.

In return for all their anecdotes of "blood and field," I told them several stories of my own life, and, at least, convinced them that if they had not chanced upon the very luckiest of mankind, they had, at least, fallen upon one who had seen enough of casualties not to be easily baffled, and who felt in every difficulty a self-confidence that no amount of discomfiture could ever entirely obliterate. No soldier can vie with a Frenchman in tempering respect with familiarity; so that while preserving towards me all the freedom of the comrade, they recognized in every detail of duty the necessity of prompt obedience, and followed every command I gave with implicit submission.

It was thus we rode along, till in the distance I saw the spire of a village church, and recognized what I knew must be Dorf Wangheim. It was yet an hour before sunrise, and all was tranquil around. I gave the word to trot, and after about forty minutes' sharp riding we gained a small pine wood, which skirted the village. Here I dismounted my party, and prepared to make my *entré* alone into the Dorf, carefully arranging my costume for that purpose, sticking a large bouquet of wild flowers in my hat, and assuming as much as I could of the Tyrol look and lounge in my gait. I shortened my stirrups, also, to a most awkward and inconvenient length, and gripped my reins into a heap in my hand.

It was thus I rode into Wangheim, saluting the people as I passed up the street, and with the short dry greeting of "Tag," and a nod as brief, playing Tyroler to the top of my bent. The "Syndicus," or the ruler of the village, lived in a good-sized house in the "Platz," which, being market-day, was crowded with people, although

the articles for sale appeared to include little variety, almost every one leading a calf by a straw rope, the rest of the population contenting themselves with a wild turkey, or sometimes two, which, held under the arms, added the most singular element to the general concert of human voices around. Little stalls for rustic jewellery and artificial flowers, the latter in great request, ran along the sides of the square, with here and there a booth where skins and furs were displayed, more, however, as it appeared to give pleasure to a group of sturdy jagers, who stood around, recognizing the track of their own bullets, than from any hope of sale. In fact, the business of the day was dull, and an experienced eye would have seen at a glance that turkeys were "heavy," and calves "looking down." No wonder that it should be so; the interest of the scene being concentrated on a little knot of some twenty youths, who, with tickets containing a number in their hats, stood before the Syndic's door. They were fine-looking, stalwart, straight fellows; and became admirably the manly costume of their native mountains; but their countenances were not without an expression of sadness, the reflection, as I soon saw, of the sadder faces around them. For so they stood, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, their tearful eyes turned on the little band. It puzzled me not a little at first to see these evidences of a conscription in a land where hitherto the population had answered the call to arms by a levy "*en masse*," while the air of depression and sadness seemed also strange in those who gloried in the excitement of war. The first few sentences I overheard revealed the mystery. Wangheim was Bavarian; although strictly a Tyrol village, and Austrian Tyrol, too, it had been included within the Bavarian frontier, and the orders had arrived from Munich at the Syndicate to furnish a certain number of men by a certain day. This was terrible tidings; for although they did not as yet know that the war was against Austria, they had heard that the troops were for foreign service, and not for the defence of home and country, the only cause which a Tyroler deems worthy of battle. As I listened, I gathered that the most complete ignorance prevailed as to the service or the destination to which they were intended. The Bavarians had merely issued their mandates to the various villages of the border, and neither sent emissaries nor officers to carry them out. Having seen how the "land lay," I pushed my way through the crowd, into the hall of the Syndicate, and, by dint of a strong will and stout shoulder, at length gained the audience chamber; where, seated behind an elevated bench, the great man was dispensing justice. I advanced boldly, and demanded an immediate audience in private, stating that my business was most pressing, and not admitting of delay. The Syndic consulted for a second or two with his clerk, and retired, beckoning me to follow.

"You're not a Tyroler," said he to me, the moment we were alone.

"That is easy to see, Herr Syndicus," replied

I. "I'm an officer of the staff, in disguise, sent to make a hasty inspection of the frontier villages, and report upon the state of feeling that prevails amongst them, and how they stand affected towards the cause of Bavaria."

"And what have you found, sir?" said he, with native caution; for a Bavarian Tyrooler has the quality in a perfection that neither a Scotchman nor a Russian can pretend to.

"That you are all Austrian at heart," said I, determined to dash at him with a frankness that I knew he could not resist. "There's not a Bavarian amongst you. I have made the whole tour of the Vorarlberg; through the Bregenzer Wald, down the valley of the Lech, by Immenstadt, and Wangheim; and it's all the same. I have heard nothing but the old cry of 'Gott, und der Kaiser!'"

"Indeed!" said he, with an accent beautifully balanced between sorrow and astonishment.

"Even the men in authority, the Syndics, like yourself, have frankly told me how difficult it is to preserve allegiance to a government by whom they have been so harshly treated. I'm sure I have the 'grain question,' as they call it, and the 'Freiwechsel' with South Tyrol, off by heart," said I, laughing. "However, my business lies in another quarter. I have seen enough to show me that save the outcasts from home and family—that class, so rare in the Tyrol, that men call adventurers—we need look for no willing recruits here; and you'll stare when I say that I'm glad of it—heartily glad of it."

The Syndic did, indeed, stare, but he never ventured a word in reply.

"I'll tell you why, then, Herr Syndicus. With a man like yourself one can afford to be open-hearted. Wangheim, Luttrich, Kempenfeld, and all the other villages at the foot of these mountains, were never other than Austrian. Diplomats and map-makers colored them pale blue, but they were black and yellow underneath; and, what's more to the purpose, Austrian they must become again. When the real object of this war is known, all Tyrol will declare for the house of Hapsburg. We begin to perceive this ourselves, and to dread the misfortunes and calamities that must fall upon you and the other frontier towns by this divided allegiance; for when you have sent off your available youth to the Bavarians, down will come Austria to revenge itself upon your undefended towns and villages."

The Syndic apparently had thought of all these things exactly with the same conclusions, for he shook his head gravely, and uttered a low faint sigh.

"I'm so convinced of what I tell you," said I, "that no sooner have I conducted to head-quarters the force I have under my command——"

"You have a force, then, actually under your orders!" cried he, starting.

"The advanced guard is picqueted in yonder pine wood, if you have any curiosity to inspect them; you'll find them a little disorderly, per-

haps, like all newly-raised levies, but I hope not discreditable allies for the great army."

The Syndic protested his sense of the favor, but begged to take all their good qualities on trust.

I then went on to assure him that I should recommend the government to permit the range of frontier towns to preserve a complete neutrality; by scarcely any possibility could the war come to their doors; and that there was neither sound policy nor humanity in sending them to seek it elsewhere. I will not stop to recount all the arguments I employed to enforce my opinions, nor how learnedly I discussed every question of European politics. The Syndic was amazed at the vast range of my acquirements, and could not help confessing it.

My interview ended by persuading him not to send on his levies of men till he had received further instructions from Munich; to supply my advanced guards with the rations and allowances intended for the others; and, lastly, to advance me the sum of one hundred and seventy crown thalers, on the express pledge that the main body of my "marauders," as I took opportunity to style them, should take the road by Kempen and Durchein, and not touch on the village of Wangheim at all.

When discussing this last point, I declared to the Syndic that he was depriving himself of a very imposing sight; that the men, whatever might be said of them in point of character, were a fine-looking, daring set of rascals, neither respecting laws nor fearing punishment, and that our band, for a newly-formed one, was by no means contemptible. He resisted all these seducing prospects, and counted down his dollars with the air of a man who felt he had made a good bargain. I gave him a receipt in all form, and signed Maurice Tiernay at the foot of it as stoutly as though I had the *Grand Livre de France* at my back.

Let not the reader rashly condemn me for this fault, nor still more rashly conclude that I acted with a heartless and unprincipled spirit in this transaction. I own that a species of Jesuitry suggested the scheme, and that while providing for the exigencies of my own comrades, I satisfied my conscience by rendering a good service in return. The course of war, as I suspected it would, did sweep past this portion of the Bavarian Tyrol without inflicting any heavy loss. Such of the peasantry as joined the army fought under Austrian banners, and Wangheim and the other border villages had not to pay the bloody penalty of a divided allegiance. I may add, too, for conscience sake, that while travelling this way many years after, I stopped a day at Wangheim to point out its picturesque scenery to a fair friend who accompanied me. The village inn was kept by an old, venerable-looking man, who also discharged the functions of "Vorsteher"—the title Syndicus was abolished. He was, although a little cold and reserved at first, very communicative, after a while, and full of stories of the old

campaigns of France and Austria, amongst which he related one of a certain set of French freebooters that once passed through Wangheim, the captain having actually breakfasted with himself, and persuaded him to advance a loan of nigh two hundred thalers on the faith of the Bavarian government.

"He was a good-looking, dashing sort of fellow," said he, "that could sing French love songs to the piano and jodle 'Tyroler Lieder' for the women. My daughter took a great fancy to him, and wore his sword-knot for many a day after, till we found that he had cheated and betrayed us. Even then, however, I don't think she gave him up, though she did not speak of him as before. This is the fellow's writing," added he, producing a much-worn and much-crumbled scrap of paper from his old pocket-book, "and there's his name. I have never been able to make out clearly whether it was Thierray or Lierray."

"I know something about him," said I, "and, with your permission, will keep the document and pay the debt. Your daughter is alive still?"

"Ay, and married, too, at Bruck, ten miles from this."

"Well, if she has thrown away the old sword-knot, tell her to accept this one in memory of the French captain, who was not, at least, an ungrateful rogue;" and I detached from my sabre the rich gold tassel and cord which I wore as a general officer.

This little incident I may be pardoned for interpolating from a portion of my life, of which I do not intend to speak further, as with the career of the Soldier of Fortune I mean to close these memoirs of Maurice Tiernay.

CHAPTER XLIX.—"A LUCKY MEETING."

THE reader will probably not complain if, passing over the manifold adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes of my little party, I come to our arrival at Ingoldstadt, where the head-quarters of General Vandamme were stationed. It was just as the recall was beating that we rode into the town, where, although nearly eight thousand men were assembled, our somewhat singular cavalcade attracted no small share of notice. Fresh rations for "man and beast" slung around our very ragged clothing, and four Austrian grenadiers tied by a cord, wrist to wrist, as prisoners behind us, we presented, it must be owned, a far more picturesque than soldierlike party.

Accepting all the attentions bestowed upon us in the most flattering sense, and affecting not to perceive the ridicule we were exciting on every hand, I rode up to the "Etat Major" and dismounted. I had obtained from "my prisoners" what I deemed a very important secret, and was resolved to make the most of it by asking for an immediate audience of the general.

"I am the Officer d'Ordonnance," said a young lieutenant of dragoons, stepping forward; "any communications you have to make must be addressed to me."

"I have taken four prisoners, Monsieur le Lieutenant," said I, "and would wish to inform General Vandamme on certain matters they have revealed to me."

"Are you in the service?" asked he, with a glance at my incongruous equipment.

"I have served, sir," was my reply.

"In what army of brigands was it then," said he, laughing, "for, assuredly, you do not recall to my recollection any European force that I know of?"

"I may find leisure and inclination to give you the fullest information on this point at another moment, sir; for the present my business is more pressing. Can I see General Vandamme?"

"Of course, you cannot, my worthy fellow! If you have served, as you say you have, you could scarcely have made so absurd a request. A French General of Division does not give audience to every tatterdemalion who picks up a prisoner on the high road."

"It is exactly because I have served that I do make the request," said I, stoutly.

"How so, pray?" asked he, staring at me.

"Because I know well how often young staff-officers, in their self-sufficiency, overlook the most important points, and, from the humble character of their informants, frequently despise what their superiors, had they known it, would have largely profited by. And, even if I did not know this fact, I have the memory of another one scarcely less striking, which was, that General Massena himself admitted me to an audience when my appearance was not a whit more imposing than at present."

"You knew General Massena, then. Where was it, may I ask?"

"In Genoa, during the siege."

"And what regiment have you served in?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"Quite enough, my good fellow. The Ninth were on the Sambre while that siege was going on," said he, laughing sarcastically.

"I never said that my regiment was at Genoa. I only asserted that I was," was my calm reply, for I was anxious to prolong the conversation, seeing that directly over our heads, on a balcony, a number of officers had just come out to smoke their cigars after dinner, amongst whom I recognized two or three in the uniform of general.

"And now for your name; let us have that," said he, seating himself, as if for a lengthy cross-examination.

I stole a quick glance overhead, and seeing that two of the officers were eagerly listening to our colloquy, said aloud—

"I'll tell you no more, sir. You have already heard quite enough to know what my business is. I did not come here to relate my life and adventures."

"I say, Lestocque," cried a large, burly man, from above, "have you picked up Robinson Crusoe, there?"

"He's far more like the man Friday, mon

general," said the young lieutenant, laughing, "although even a savage might have more deference for his superiors."

"What does he want, then?" asked the other.

"An audience of yourself, mon general—nothing less."

"Have you told him how I am accustomed to reward people who occupy my time on false pretences, Lestocque?" said the general, with a grin. "Does he know that the Salle de Police first, and the Prevot afterwards, comprise my gratitude?"

"He presumes to say, sir, that he knows General Massena," said the lieutenant.

"Diable! He knows *me*, does he say—he knows *me*? Who is he—what is he?" said a voice I well remembered, and at the same instant the brown, dark visage of General Massena peered over the balcony.

"He's a countryman of yours, Massena," said Vandamme, laughing. "Eh, are you not a Piedmontais?"

Up to this moment I had stood silently listening to the dialogue around me, without the slightest apparent sign of noticing it. Now, however, as I was directly addressed, I drew myself up to a soldierlike attitude, and replied—

"No, sir. I am more a Frenchman than General Vandamme, at least."

"Send that fellow here; send him up, Lestocque, and have a corporal's party ready for duty," cried the general, as he threw the end of his cigar into the street, and walked hastily away.

It was not the first time in my life that my tongue had brought peril on my head; but I ascended the stairs with a firm step, and, if not with a light, at least with a resolute heart, seeing how wonderfully little I had to lose, and that few men had a smaller stake in existence than myself.

The voices were loud, and in tones of anger, as I stepped out upon the terrace.

"So we are acquaintances, it would appear, my friend!" said Massena, as he stared fixedly at me.

"If General Massena cannot recall the occasion of our meeting," said I, proudly, "I'll scarcely remind him of it."

"Come, come," said Vandamme, angrily, "I must deal with this 'gaillard' myself. Are you a French soldier?"

"I was, sir; an officer of cavalry."

"And were you broke? did you desert? or what was it?" cried he, impatiently.

"I kept better company than I believe is considered safe in these days, and was accidentally admitted to the acquaintance of the Prince de Condé —"

"That's it!" said Vandamme, with a long whistle; "that's the mischief, then. You are a Vendéen?"

"No, sir; I was never a Royalist, although, as I have said, exposed to the very society whose fascinations might have made me one."

"Your name is Tiernay, Monsieur, or I mis-

take much!" said a smart-looking young man in civilian dress.

I bowed an assent, without expressing any sentiment of either fear or anxiety.

"I can vouch for the perfect accuracy of that gentleman's narrative," said Monsieur de Bourrienne, for I now saw it was himself. "You may possibly remember a visitor —"

"At the Temple," said I, interrupting him. "I recollect you perfectly, sir, and thank you for this recognition."

Monsieur de Bourrienne, however, did not pay much attention to my gratitude, but proceeded in a few hurried words to give some account of me to the bystanders.

"Well, it must be owned that he looks devilish unlike an officer of hussars," said Massena, as he laughed, and made others laugh, at my strange equipment.

"And yet you saw me in a worse plight, general," said I, coolly.

"How so—where was that?" said he.

"It will be a sore wound to my pride, general," said I, slowly, "if I must refresh your memory."

"You were not at Valenciennes," said he, musing. "No, no; that was before your day. Were you on the Meuse, then? No. Nor in Spain! I've always had hussars in my division; but I confess I do not remember all the officers."

"Will Genoa not give the clue, sir?" said I, glancing at him a keen look.

"Least of all," cried he. "The cavalry were with Soult. I had nothing beyond an escort in the town."

"So there's no help for it," said I, with a sigh. "Do you remember a half-drowned wretch that was laid down at your feet in the Annunziata Church one morning during the siege?"

"A fellow who had made his escape from the English fleet, and swam ashore? What! are you—By Jove! so it is, the very same. Give me your hand, my brave fellow. I've often thought of you, and wondered what had befallen you. You joined that unlucky attack on Monte Faccio; and we had warm work ourselves on hand the day after. I say, Vandamme, the first news I had of our columns crossing the Alps were from this officer—for officer he was, and shall be again, if I live to command a French division."

Massena embraced me affectionately, as he said this; and then turning to the others, said—

"Gentlemen, you see before you the man you have often heard me speak of—a young officer of hussars, who, in the hope of rescuing a division of the French army, at that time shut up in a besieged city, performed one of the most gallant exploits on record. Within a week after he led a storming party against a mountain fortress; and I don't care if he lived in the intimacy of every Bourbon Prince, from the Count D'Artois downwards, he's a good Frenchman, and a brave soldier. Bourrienne, you're starting for head quarters? Well, it is not at such a moment as this, you can

bear these matters in mind ; but don't forget my friend Tiernay ; depend upon it he 'll do you no discredit. The emperor knows well both how to employ and how to reward such men as he."

I heard these flattering speeches like one in a delicious dream. To stand in the midst of a distinguished group, while Massena thus spoke of me, seemed too much for reality, for praise had indeed become a rare accident to me ; but from such a quarter it was less eulogy than fame. How hard was it to persuade myself that I was awake, as I found myself seated at the table, with a crowd of officers, pledging the toasts they gave, and drinking bumpers in friendly recognition with all around me !

Such was the curiosity to hear my story, that numbers of others crowded into the room, which gradually assumed the appearance of a theatre. There was scarcely an incident to which I referred, that some one or other of those present could not vouch for ; and whether I alluded to my earlier adventures in the Black Forest, or the expedition of Humbert, or to the later scenes of my life, I met corroboration from one quarter or another. Away as I was from Paris and its influences, in the midst of my comrades, I never hesitated to relate the whole of my acquaintance with Fouché—a part of my narrative which, I must own, amused them more than all the rest. In the midst of all these intoxicating praises, and of a degree of wonder that might have turned wiser heads, I never forgot that I was in possession of what seemed to myself at least a very important military fact, no less than the mistaken movement of an Austrian general, who had marched his division so far to the southward as to leave an interval of several miles between himself and the main body of the imperial forces. This fact I had obtained from the grenadiers I had made prisoners, and who were stragglers from the corps I alluded to.

The movement in question was doubtless intended to menace the right flank of our army, but every soldier of Napoleon well knew that so long as he could pierce the enemy's centre such flank attacks were ineffectual, the question being already decided before they could be undertaken.

My intelligence, important as it appeared to myself, struck the two generals as of greater moment ; and Massena, who arrived only a few hours before from his own division to confer with Vandamme, resolved to take me with him at once to head-quarters.

"You are quite certain of what you assert, Tiernay ?" said he ; "doubtful information, or a mere surmise, will not do with him before whom you will be summoned. You must be clear on every point, and brief—remember that—not a word more than is absolutely necessary."

I repeated that I had taken the utmost precautions to assure myself of the truth of the men's statement, and had ridden several leagues between the Austrian left and the left centre. The prisoners themselves could prove that they had marched from early morning till late in the afternoon without coming up with a single Austrian post.

The next question was to equip me with a uniform—but what should it be ? I was not attached to any corps, nor had I any real rank in the army. Massena hesitated about appointing me on his own staff without authority, nor could he advise me to assume the dress of my old regiment. Time was pressing, and it was decided—I own to my great discomfiture—that I should continue to wear my Tyrolean costume till my restoration to my former rank was fully established.

I was well tired, having already ridden thirteen leagues of a bad road, when I was obliged to mount once more, and accompany General Massena in his return to head-quarters. A good supper and some excellent Bourdeaux, and, better than either, a light heart, gave me abundant energy ; and after the first three or four miles of the way I felt as if I was equal to any fatigue.

As we rode along the general repeated all his cautions to me in the event of my being summoned to give information at head-quarters ; the importance of all my replies being short, accurate, and to the purpose ; and, above all, the avoidance of anything like an opinion or expression of my own judgment on passing events. I promised faithfully to observe all his counsels, and not bring discredit on his patronage.

CHAPTER L.—THE MARCH ON VIENNA.

ALL General Massena's wise counsels, and my own steady resolves to profit by them, were so far thrown away, that, on our arrival at Abensberg, we found that the emperor had left it four hours before, and pushed on to Ebersfeld, a village about five leagues to the eastward. A despatch, however, awaited Massena, telling him to push forward with Oudinot's corps to Newstadt, and with his own division, which comprised the whole French right, to manœuvre so as to menace the archduke's base upon the Iser.

Let my reader not fear that I am about to inflict on him a story of the great campaign itself, nor compel him to seek refuge in a map from the terrible array of hard names of towns and villages for which that district is famous. It is enough for my purpose that I recall to his memory the striking fact, that when the French sought victory by turning and defeating the Austrian left, the Austrians were exactly in march to execute a similar movement on the French left wing. Napoleon, however, gave the first "check," and "mated" his adversary ere he could open his game. By the almost lightning speed of his manœuvres, he moved forward from Ratisbon with the great bulk of his army ; and at the very time that the archduke believed him to be awaiting battle around that city, he was far on his march to Landshut.

General Massena was taking a hurried cup of coffee and dictating a few lines to his secretary, when a dragoon officer galloped into the town with a second despatch, which, whatever its contents, must needs have been momentous, for in a few minutes the drums were beating and trumpets sounding, and all the stirring signs of an imme-

diate movement visible. It was yet an hour before daybreak, and dark as midnight; torches, however, blazed everywhere, and by their flaring light the artillery-trains and wagons drove through the narrow street of the village, shaking the frail old houses with their rude trot. Even in a retreating army, I have scarcely witnessed such a spectacle of uproar, confusion, and chaos; but still, in less than an hour, the troops had all defiled from the town, the advanced guard was already some miles on its way; and, except a small escort of Lancers before the little inn where the general still remained, there was not a soldier to be seen. It may seem absurd to say it, but I must confess that my eagerness to know what was "going on" in front, was divided by a feeling of painful uneasiness at my ridiculous dress, and the shame I experienced at the glances bestowed on me by the soldiers of the escort. It was no time, however, to speak of myself or attend to my own fortunes, and I loitered about the court of the inn wondering if, in the midst of such stirring events, the general would chance to remember me. If I had but a frock and a shako, thought I, I could make my way. It is this confounded velvet jacket and this absurd and tapering hat, will be my ruin. If I were to charge a battery, I'd only look like a merry-andrew after all; men will not respect what is only laughable. Perhaps, after all, thought I, it matters little; doubtless Massena has forgotten me, and I shall be left behind like a broken limber. At one time I blamed myself for not pushing on with some detachment—at another I half resolved to put a bold face on it, and present myself before the general; and between regrets for the past and doubts for the future, I at last worked myself up to a state of anxiety little short of fever.

While I walked to and fro in this distracted mood I perceived, by the bustle within doors, that the general was about to depart; at the same time several dismounted dragoons appeared leading saddle-horses, tightening girths, and adjusting curb-chains, all tokens of a start. While I looked on these preparations, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs close behind, and the spluttering noise of a struggle. I turned and saw it was the general himself, who had just mounted his charger, but before catching his right stirrup the horse had plunged, and was dragging the "orderly" across the court by the bridle. Seeing, in an instant, that the soldier's effort to hold on was only depriving General Massena of all command of the horse, who must probably have fallen on his flank, I jumped forward, caught the stirrup, and slipped it over the general's foot, and then, with a sharp blow on the soldier's wrist, compelled him to relax his grasp. So suddenly were the two movements effected, that in less time than I take to relate it, all was over, and the general, who, for a heavy man, was a good rider, was fast seated in his saddle. I had now no time, however, to bestow on him, for the dragoon, stung by the insult of a blow, and from a peasant, as he deemed it, rushed at me with his sabre.

"*Halte la!*" cried Massena, in a voice of thunder; "it was that country fellow saved me from a broken bone, which your infernal awkwardness might have given me. Throw him a couple of florins for me," cried he to his aide-de-camp, who just rode in; "and do you, sir, join your ranks; I must look for another orderly."

"I am right glad to have been in the way, general," said I, springing forward, and touching my hat.

"What, Tiernay—this you?" cried he. "How is this! have I forgotten you all this time! What's to be done now! You ought to have gone on with the rest, Monsieur. You should have volunteered with some corps, eh?"

"I hoped to have been attached to yourself, general. I thought I could, perhaps, have made myself useful."

"Yes, yes, very true; so you might, I've no doubt; but my staff is full, I've no vacancy. What's to be done now! Lestocque, have we any spare cattle?"

"Yes, general; we've your own eight horses, and two of Cambronne's."

"Ah, poor fellow, he'll not want them more. I suppose Tiernay may as well take one of them, at least."

"There's an undress uniform, too, of Cambronne's would fit Monsieur de Tiernay," said the officer, who, I saw, had no fancy for my motley costume alongside of him.

"Oh, Tiernay does n't care for that; he's too old a soldier to bestow a thought upon the color of his jacket," said Massena.

"Pardon me, general, but it is exactly one of my weaknesses; and I feel that until I get rid of these trappings I shall never feel myself a soldier."

"I thought you had been made of other stuff," muttered the general, "and particularly since there's like to be little love-making in the present campaign." And with that he rode forward, leaving me to follow when I could.

"These are Cambronne's keys," said Lestocque, "and you'll find enough for your present wants in the saddle-bags. Take the grey, he's the better horse, and come up with us as fast as you can."

I saw that I had forfeited something of General Massena's good opinion by my dandyism; but I was consoled in a measure for the loss, as I saw the price at which I bought the forfeiture. The young officer, who had fallen three days before, and was a nephew of the General Cambronne, was a lieutenant in Murat's celebrated corps, the Lancers of "Berg," whose uniform was the handsomest in the French army. Even the undress scarlet frock and small silver helmet were more splendid than many full parade uniforms; and, as I attired myself in these brilliant trappings, I secretly vowed that the Austrians should see them in some conspicuous position ere a month was over. If I had but one sigh for the poor fellow to whose "galanterie" I succeeded, I had

many a smile for myself as I passed and repassed before the glass, adjusting a belt or training an aigrette to fall more gracefully. While thus occupied, I felt something heavy clink against my leg, and opening the *saber-tasch*, discovered a purse containing upwards of forty golden Napoleons and some silver. It was a singular way to succeed to a "heritage" I thought, but, with the firm resolve to make honest restitution, I replaced the money where I found it, and descended the stairs, my *sabre* jingling and my spurs clanking, to the infinite admiration of the hostess and her handmaiden, who looked on my transformation as a veritable piece of magic.

I'm sure Napoleon himself had not framed one half as many plans for that campaign as I did while I rode along. By a close study of the map, and the aid of all the oral information in my power, I had at length obtained a tolerably accurate notion of the country; and I saw, or I thought I saw, at least, half a dozen distinct ways of annihilating the Austrians. I have often since felt shame, even to myself, at the effrontery with which I discussed the great manœuvres going forward, and the unblushing coolness with which I proffered my opinions and my criticisms; and I really believe that General Massena tolerated my boldness rather for the amusement it afforded him than from any other cause.

"Well, Tiernay," said he, as a fresh order reached him, with the most pressing injunction to hurry forward, "we are to move at once on Moosburg—what does that portend?"

"Sharp work, general," replied I, not noticing the sly malice of the question; "the Austrians are there in force!"

"Do your grenadiers say so?"—asked he, sarcastically.

"No, general; but as the base of the operations is the Iser, they must needs guard all the bridges over the river, as well as protect the high road to Vienna by Landshut."

"But you forget that Landshut is a good eight leagues from that!" said he, with a laugh.

"They'll have to fall back there, nevertheless," said I, coolly, "or they suffer themselves to be cut off from their own centre."

"Would you believe it," whispered Massena to a colonel at his side, "the fellow has just guessed our intended movement!"

Low as he spoke, my quick ears caught the words, and my heart thumped with delight as I heard them. This was the emperor's strategy—Massena was to fall impetuously on the enemy's left at Moosburg, and drive them to a retreat on Landshut; when, at the moment of the confusion and disorder, they were to be attacked by Napoleon himself, with a vastly superior force. The game opened even sooner than expected, and a few minutes after the conversation I have reported, our "*Tirailleurs*" were exchanging shots with the enemy. These sounds, however, were soon drowned in the louder din of artillery, which thundered away at both sides till nightfall. It

was a strange species of engagement, for we continued to march on the entire time, the enemy as steadily retiring before us, while the incessant cannonade never ceased.

Although frequently sent to the front with orders, I saw nothing of the Austrians; a low line of bluish smoke towards the horizon, now and then flashing into flame, denoted their position, and as we were about as invisible to them, a less exciting kind of warfare would be difficult to conceive. Neither was the destruction important; many of the Austrian shot were buried in the deep clay in our front; and, considering the time, and the number of pieces in action, our loss was insignificant. Soldiers, if they be not the trained veterans of a hundred battles, grow very impatient in this kind of operation; they cannot conceive why they are not led forward, and wonder at the over-caution of the general. Ours were mostly young levies, and were consequently very profuse of their comments and complaints.

"Have patience, my brave boys," said an old sergeant to some of the grumblers; "I've seen service, and I never saw a battle open this way that there was n't plenty of fighting ere it was over."

A long low range of hills bounds the plain to the west of Moosburg, and on these, as night closed, our bivouac fires were lighted, some of them extending to nearly half a mile to the left of our real position, and giving the Austrians the impression that our force was stationed in that direction. A thin drizzly rain, cold enough to be sleet, was falling; and as the ground had been greatly cut up by the passage of artillery and cavalry, a less comfortable spot to bivouac in could not be imagined. It was difficult, too, to obtain wood for our fires, and our prospects for the dark hours were scarcely brilliant. The soldiers grumbled loudly at being obliged to sit and cook their messes at the murky flame of damp straw, while the fires at our left blazed away gayly without one to profit by them. Frenchmen, however, are rarely ill-humored in face of the enemy, and their complaints assumed all the sarcastic drollery which they so well understand, and even over their half-dressed supper they were beginning to grow merry, when staff officers were seen traversing the lines at full speed in all directions.

"We are attacked—the Austrians are upon us!" cried two or three soldiers, snatching up their muskets.

"No, no, friend," replied a veteran, "it's the other way; we are going at them."

This was the true reading of the problem: orders were sent to every brigade to form in close column of attack; artillery and cavalry to advance under their cover, and ready to deploy at a moment's notice.

Moosburg lay something short of two miles from us, having the Iser in front, over which was a wooden bridge, protected by a strong flanking battery. The river was not passable, nor had we any means of transporting artillery across it; so

that to this spot our main attack was at once directed. Had the Austrian General, Heller, who was second in command to the Archduke Louis, either cut off the bridge, or taken effectual measures to oppose its passage, the great events of the campaign might have assumed a very different feature. It is said, however, that an entire Austrian brigade was encamped near Freising, and that the communication was left open to save them.

Still it must be owned that the Imperialists took few precautions for their safety; for, deceived by our line of watch-fires, the picquets extended but a short distance into the plain; and, when attacked by our light cavalry, many of them were cut off at once; and of those who fell back, several traversed the bridge with their pursuers at their heels. Such was the impetuosity of the French attack, that although the most positive orders had been given by Massena that not more than three guns and their caissons should traverse the bridge together, and even these at a walk, seven or eight were seen passing at the same instant, and all at a gallop, making the old frame-work so rock and tremble, that it seemed ready to come to pieces. As often happens, the hardihood proved our safety. The Austrians, counting upon our slow transit, only opened a heavy fire after several of our pieces had crossed, and were already in a position to reply to them. Their defence, if somewhat late, was a most gallant one; and the gunners continued to fire on our advancing columns till we captured the block-house, and sabred the men at their guns. Meanwhile the Imperial Cuirassiers, twelve hundred strong, made a succession of furious charges upon us, driving our light cavalry away before them, and for a brief space making the fortune of the day almost doubtful. It soon appeared, however, that these brave fellows were merely covering the retreat of the main body, who in all haste were falling back on the villages of Furth and Arth. Some squadrons of Kellerman's heavy cavalry gave time for our light artillery to open their fire, and the Austrian ranks were rent open with terrific loss.

Day was now dawning, and showed us the Austrian army in retreat by the two great roads towards Landshut. Every rising spot of ground was occupied by artillery, and in some places defended by stockades, showing plainly enough that all hope of saving the guns was abandoned, and that they only thought of protecting their flying columns from our attack. These dispositions cost us heavily, for, as we were obliged to carry each of these places before we could advance, the loss in this hand-to-hand encounter was very considerable. At length, however, the roads became so blocked up by artillery, that the infantry were driven to defile into the swampy fields at the road side, and here our cavalry cut them down unmercifully, while grape tore through the dense masses at half musket range.

Had discipline or command been possible, our condition might have been made perilous enough,

since, in the impetuosity of attack, large masses of our cavalry got separated from their support, and were frequently seen struggling to cut their way out of the closing columns of the enemy. Twice or thrice it actually happened that officers surrendered the whole squadron as prisoners, and were rescued by their own comrades afterwards. The whole was a scene of pell-mell confusion and disorder; some abandoning positions when successful defence was possible, others obstinately holding their ground when destruction was inevitable. Few prisoners were taken; indeed, I believe, quarter was little thought of by either side. The terrible excitement had raised men's passions to the pitch of madness, and each fought with all the animosity of hate.

Massena was always in the front, and, as was his custom, comporting himself with a calm steadiness that he rarely displayed in the common occurrences of every-day life. Like the English Pionton, the crash and thunder of conflict seemed to soothe and assuage the asperities of an irritable temper, and his mind appeared to find a congenial sphere in the turmoil and din of battle. The awkward attempt of a French squadron to gallop in a deep marsh, where men and horses were rolling indiscriminately together, actually gave him a hearty fit of laughter, and he issued his orders for their recall, as though the occurrence were a good joke. It was while observing this incident, that an orderly delivered into his hands some maps and papers that had just been captured from the fourgon of a staff-officer. Turning them rapidly over, Massena chanced upon the plan of a bridge, with marks indicative of points of defence at either side of it, and the arrangements for mining it, if necessary. It was too long to represent the bridge of Moosburg, and must probably mean that of Landshut; and so thinking, and deeming that its possession might be important to the emperor, he ordered me to take a fresh horse, and hasten with it to the head-quarters. The orders I received were vague enough.

"You'll come up with the advance guard some eight or nine miles to the north'ard; you'll chance upon some of the columns near Fleishim."

Such were the hurried directions I obtained, in the midst of the smoke and din of a battle; but it was no time to ask for more precise instructions, and away I went.

In less than twenty minutes' sharp riding, I found myself in a little valley, enclosed by low hills, and watered by a small tributary of the Danube, along whose banks cottages were studded in the midst of what seemed one great orchard, since for miles the white and pink blossoms of fruit-trees were to be seen extending. The peasants were at work in the fields, and the oxen were toiling along with the heavy wagons, or the scarcely less cumbersome plough, as peacefully as though bloodshed and carnage were not within a thousand miles of them. No high road penetrated this secluded spot, and hence it lay secure, while ruin and devastation raged at either side of it. As

the wind was from the west, nothing could be heard of the cannonade towards Moosburg, and the low hills completely shut out all signs of the conflict. I halted at a little wayside forge, to have a loose shoe fastened, and in the crowd of gazers who stood around me, wondering at my gay trappings and gaudy uniform, not one had the slightest suspicion that I was other than Austrian. One man asked me if it were not true that the "French were coming!" and another laughed, and said, "They had better not;" and there was all they knew of that terrible struggle—the shock that was to rend in twain a great empire.

Full of varied thought on this theme, I mounted and rode forward. At first, the narrow roads were so deep and heavy, that I made little progress; occasionally, too, I came to little streams, traversed by a bridge of a single plank, and was either compelled to swim my horse across, or wander long distances in search of a ford. These obstructions made me impatient, and my impatience but served to delay me more, and all my efforts to push directly forwards only tended to embarrass me. I could not ask for guidance, since I knew not the name of a single village or town, and to have inquired for the direction in which the troops were stationed, might very possibly have brought me into danger.

At last, and after some hours of toilsome wandering, I reached a small wayside inn, and, resolving to obtain some information of my whereabouts, I asked whither the road led that passed through a long, low, swampy plain, and disappeared in a pine wood.

"To Landshut," was the answer.

"And the distance?"

"Three German miles," said the host; "but they are worse than five; for since the new line has been opened, this road has fallen into neglect. Two of the bridges are broken, and a landslip has completely blocked up the passage at another place."

"Then how am I to gain the new road?"

Alas! there was nothing for it but going back to the forge where I had stopped three hours and a half before, and whence I could take a narrow bridle-path to Fleisheim, that would bring me out on the great road. The very thought of retracing my way was intolerable; many of the places I had leaped my horse over would have been impossible to cross from the opposite side; once I narrowly escaped being carried down by a mill-race; and, in fact, no dangers nor inconveniences of the road in front of me, could equal those of the course I had just come. Besides all this, to return to Fleisheim would probably bring me far in the rear of the advancing columns, while, if I pushed on towards Landshut, I might catch sight of them from some rising spot of ground.

"You will go, I see," cried the host, as he saw me set out. "Perhaps you're right; the old adage says, 'It's often the roughest road leads to the smoothest fortune.'"

Even that much encouragement was not without

its value. I spurred into a canter with fresh spirits. The host of the little inn had not exaggerated; the road was execrable. Heavy rocks and mounds of earth had slipped down with the rains of winter, and remained in the middle of the way. The fallen masonry of the bridges had driven the streams into new channels, with deep pools among them; broken wagons and ruined carts marked the misfortunes of some who had ventured on the track; and except for a well-mounted and resolute horseman, the way was impracticable. I was well nigh overcome by fatigue and exhaustion, as clambering up a steep hill, with the bridle on my arm, I gained the crest of the ridge, and suddenly saw Landshut—for it could be no other—before me. I have looked at many new pictures and scenes, but I own I never beheld one that gave me half the pleasure. The ancient town, with its gaunt old belfries, and still more ancient castle, stood on a bend of the Inn, which was here crossed by a long wooden bridge, supported on boats, a wide track of shingle and gravel on either side showing the course into which the melting snows often swelled the stream. From the point where I stood, I could see into the town. The Platz, the old gardens of the nunnery, the terrace of the castle, all were spread out before me; and, to my utter surprise, there seemed little or no movement going forward. There were two guns in position at the bridge; some masons were at work on the houses, beside the river, piercing the walls for the use of musketry, and an infantry battalion was under arms in the market-place. These were all the preparations I could discover against the advance of a great army. But so it was; the Austrian spies had totally misled them, and while they believed that the great bulk of the French lay around Ratisbon, the centre of the army, sixty-five thousand strong, and led by Napoleon himself, was in march to the southward.

That the attack on Moosburg was still unknown at Landshut seemed certain; and I now perceived that, notwithstanding all the delays I had met with, I had really come by the most direct line; whereas, on account of the bend of the river, no Austrian courier could have brought tidings of the engagement up to that time. My attention was next turned towards the direction whence our advance might be expected; but, although I could see nearly four miles of the road, not a man was to be described along it.

I slowly descended the ridge and, passing through a meadow, was approaching the high road, when suddenly I heard the clattering of a horse at full gallop coming along the causeway. I mounted at once, and pushed forward to an angle of the road, by which I was concealed from all view. The next instant, a Hungarian hussar turned the corner at top speed.

"What news?" cried I, in German. "Are they coming?"

"Ay, in force," shouted he without stopping. I at once drew my pistol, and levelled at him.

The man's back was towards me, and my bullet would have pierced his skull. It was my duty, too, to have shot him, for moments were then worth days or even weeks. I could n't pull the trigger, however, and I replaced my weapon in the holster. Another horseman now swept past without perceiving me, and quickly behind him came a half squadron of hussars, all riding in mad haste and confusion. The horses, though "blown," were not sweated, so that I conjectured they had ridden fast though not far. Such was the eagerness to press on, and so intent were they on the thought of their own tidings, that none saw me, and the whole body swept by and disappeared. I waited a few minutes to listen, and, as the clattering towards Landshut died away, all was silent. Trusting to my knowledge of German to save me, even if I fell in with the enemy, I now rode forward at speed in the direction of our advance. The road was straight as an arrow for miles, and a single object coming towards me was all I could detect. This proved to be a hussar of the squadron, whose horse, being dead lame, could not keep up with the rest, and now the poor fellow was making the best of his way back as well as he was able. Of what use, thought I, to make him my prisoner? one more or less at such a time can be of slight avail; so I merely halted him to ask how near the French were. The man could only speak Hungarian, but made signs that the lancers were close upon us, and counselled me to make my escape into the town with all speed. I intimated by a gesture that I could trust to my horse, and we parted. He was scarcely out of sight when the bright gleam of brass helmets came into view towards the west, and then I could make out the shining cuirasses of the "Corps de Guides," as, mounted on their powerful horses, they came galloping along.

"I thought I was foremost," said a young officer to me, as he rode up. "How came you in advance?"

"Where's the 'Etat Major?'" cried I, in haste, and not heeding his question. "I have a despatch for the emperor."

"Follow the road," said he, "and you'll come up with them in half an hour."

And with these hurried words we passed each other. A sharp pistol report a moment after told me what had befallen the poor Hungarian; but I had little time to think of his fate. Our squadrons were coming on at a sharp pace, while in their rear the jingling clash of horse-artillery resounded. From a gentle rise of the road, I could see a vast distance of the country, and perceive that the French columns extended for miles away—the great chaussée being reserved for the heavy artillery, while every by-road and lane were filled with troops of all arms, hurrying onward. It was one of those precipitous movements by which Napoleon so often paralyzed an enemy at once, and finished a campaign by one daring exploit.

At such a time it was in vain for me to ask in

what direction the staff might be found. All were eager and intent on their own projects; and as squadron after squadron passed, I saw it was a moment for action rather than for thought. Still I did not like to abandon all hope of succeeding after so much of peril and fatigue, and, seeing that it was impossible to advance against the flood of horse and artillery that formed along the road, I jumped my horse into a field at the side, and pushed forward. Even here, however, the passage was not quite clear, since many, in their eagerness to get forward, had taken to the same line, and with cheering cries and wild shouts of joy were galloping on. My showy uniform drew many an eye towards me, and at last a staff officer cried out to me to stop, pointing with his sabre as he spoke to a hill a short distance off, where a group of officers were standing.

This was General Moulon and his staff, under whose order the advanced-guard was placed.

"A despatch—whence from?" cried he hastily, as I rode up.

"No, sir; a plan of the bridge of Landshut, taken from the enemy this morning at Moosburg."

"Are they still there?" asked he.

"By this time they must be close upon Landshut; they were in full retreat when I left them at day-break."

"We'll be able to speak of the bridge without this," said he, laughing, and turning toward his staff, while he handed the sketch carelessly to some one beside him; "and you'll serve the emperor quite as well, sir, by coming with us as hastening to the rear."

I professed myself ready and willing to follow his orders, and away I went with the staff, well pleased to be once more on active service.

Two cannon shots, and a rattling crash of small arms, told us that the combat had begun; and as we rose the hill, the bridge of Landshut was seen on fire in three places. Either from some mistake of his orders, or not daring to assume a responsibility for what was beyond a strict line of duty, the French commander of the artillery placed his guns in position along the river's bank, and prepared to reply to the fire now opening from the town, instead of at once dashing onward within the gates. Moulon hastened to repair the error; but by the delay in pushing through the dense masses of horse, foot, and artillery, that crowded the passage, it was full twenty minutes ere he came up. With a storm of oaths on the stupidity of the artillery colonel, he ordered the firing to cease, commanding both the cavalry and the train wagons to move right and left, and give place for a grenadier battalion, who were coming briskly on with their muskets at the sling.

The scene was now a madly-exciting one. The chevaux-de-frize at one end of the bridge was blazing; but beyond it on the bridge the Austrian engineer and his men were scattering combustible material, and with hempen torches

touching the new-pitched timbers. An incessant roll of musketry issued from the houses on the river side, with now and then the deeper boom of a large gun, while the roar of voices, and the crashing noise of artillery passing through the streets, swelled into a fearful chorus. The French sappers quickly removed the burning chevaux-de-frize, and hurled the flaming timbers into the stream; and scarcely was this done, when Moulon, dismounting, advanced, cheering, at the head of his grenadiers. Charging over the burning bridge, they rushed forward; but their way was arrested by the strong timbers of a massive portcullis, which closed the passage. This had been concealed from our view by the smoke and flame; and now, as the press of men from behind grew each instant more powerful, a scene of terrible suffering ensued. The enemy, too, poured down a deadly discharge, and grape-shot tore through us at pistol range. The onward rush of the columns to the rear defied retreat, and, in the mad confusion, all orders and commands were unheard or unheeded. Not knowing what delayed our advance, I was busily engaged in suppressing a fire at one of the middle buttresses, when, mounting the parapet, I saw the cause of our halt. I happened to have caught up one of the pitched torches at the instant, and the thought at once struck me how to employ it. To reach the portcullis, no other road lay open than the parapet itself—a wooden railing, wide enough for a footing, but exposed to the whole fire of the houses. There was little time for the choice of alternatives, even had our fate offered any, so I dashed on, and, as the balls whizzed and whistled around me, reached the front.

It was a terrible thing to touch the timbers against which our men were actually flattened, and to set fire to the bars around which their hands were clasped; but I saw that the Austrian musketry had already done its work on the leading files, and that not one man was living amongst them. By a blunder of one of the sappers, the portcullis had been smeared with pitch like the bridge; and, as I applied the torch, the blaze sprung up, and, encouraged by the rush of air between the beams, spread in a second over the whole structure. Expecting my death-wound at every instant, I never ceased my task, even when it had become no longer necessary, impelled by a kind of insane persistence to destroy the barrier. The wind carrying the flame inward, however, had compelled the Austrians to fall back, and before they could again open a collected fire on us, the way was open, and the grenadiers, like enraged tigers, rushed wildly in.

I remember that my coat was twice on fire as, carried on my comrades' shoulders, I was borne along into the town. I recollect, too, the fearful scene of suffering that ensued, the mad butchery at each door-way as we passed, the piercing cries for mercy, and the groan of dying agony.

War has no such terrible spectacle as a town taken by infuriated soldiery, and even amongst

the best of natures a relentless cruelty usurps the place of every chivalrous feeling. When or how I was wounded I never could ascertain; but a round shot had penetrated my thigh, tearing the muscles into shreds, and giving to the surgeon who saw me the simple task of saying, "*Enlevez le—point d'espoir.*"

I heard thus much, and I have some recollection of a comrade having kissed my forehead, and there ended my reminiscences of Landshut. Nay, I am wrong; I cherish another and a more glorious one.

It was about four days after this occurrence that the surgeon in charge of the military hospital was obliged to secure by ligature a branch of the femoral artery which had been traversed by the ball through my thigh. The operation was a tedious and difficult one, for round shot, it would seem, have little respect for anatomy, and occasionally displace muscles in a sad fashion. I was very weak after it was over, and orders were left to give a spoonful of Bourdeaux and water from time to time during the evening, a direction which I listened to attentively, and never permitted myself orderly to neglect. In fact, like a genuine sick man's fancy, it caught possession of my mind that this wine and water was to save me; and, in the momentary rally of excitement it gave, I thought I tasted health once more. In this impression I never awoke from a short doze without a request for my cordial, and half mechanically would make signs to wet my lips as I slept.

It was near sunset, and I was lying with unclosed eyes, not asleep, but in that semi-conscious state that great bodily depression and loss of blood induce. The ward was unusually quiet, the little buzz of voices that generally mingled through the accents of suffering was hushed, and I could hear the surgeon's well-known voice as he spoke to some persons at the further end of the chamber.

By their stopping from time to time, I could remark that they were inspecting the different beds, but their voices were low and their steps cautious and noiseless.

"Tiernay—this is Tiernay," said some one, reading my name from the paper over my head. Some low words which I could not catch followed, and then the surgeon replied—

"There is a chance for him yet, though the debility is greatly to be feared."

I made a sign at once to my mouth, and after a second's delay the spoon touched my lips, but so awkwardly was it applied, that the fluid ran down my chin; with a sickly impatience I turned away, but a mild low voice, as soft as a woman's, said—

"Allons!—Let me try once more;" and now the spoon met my lips with due dexterity.

"Thanks," said I faintly, and I opened my eyes.

"You'll soon be about again, Tiernay," said the same voice; as for the person, I could distinguish nothing, for there were six or seven around me; "and if I know anything of a soldier's heart, this will do just as much as the doctor."

As he spoke he detached from his coat a small enamel cross, and placed it in my hand, with a gentle squeeze of the fingers, and then saying, "au revoir," moved on.

"Who's that?" cried I, suddenly, while a strange thrill ran through me.
"Hush!" whispered the surgeon, cautiously;
"hush! it is the emperor!"

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

I come from the fields of the frozen North,
O'er the waste of the trackless sea,
Where the winter sun looks wearily forth,
And yieldeth his strength to me;
As I mount o'er the hills and gather my might,
With the roar of the Hurricane;
Loud sweeping in wrath by day and night,
Over the ice-bound main.

From the awful Steppes of the Scythian wild,
Where the Boreal lightnings play,
O'er the frowning peaks of glaciers piled,
I wend my stormy way;
Where the lightest touch of my blasting breath
Plays over the withered branch,
And the eagle screams from his eyry of death,
In the fearful Avalanche.

On the lofty heights of the Daurian chain,
I sit on my regal throne,
Where my snowy turrets look out o'er the main
On the waste of the Arctic zone;
Alone—alone, in my might I dwell,
Where a human foot ne'er trod,
Where a human voice ne'er broke the spell
Lying bound o'er the icy sod.

I breathe in my wrath o'er the flaming forge,
Where the laboring Cyclops dwelt,
Till the lava rolls o'er the mountain gorge,
And forge and furnace melt;
Till the fiery arm of Vulcan yields
To the might of my threatening roar,
And the red flames flow o'er the blooming fields
And the light of the sanded shore.

Away through the hollow caves I sweep,
Where the giant arm of Thor
Shakes his gleaming spear o'er the raging deep,
And marshals his steeds to war:
Then I blow my horn as the thunder rolls
Through the depths of the lurid sky,
And the wild waves foam, and the sea-bell tolls
To my voice as it passes by.

In the lonely halls where Odin dwells,
In his palace of kingly might,
I am free from the chain of his Runie spells,
And revel by day and night;
I sit at the board where Heroes fell,
Where their blood flowed like the wave,
And the white spears clashed with the wild war yell
'Neath the snowy architrave!

Then away I bound from the Halls of Death,
Where the beautiful Lena flows,
And wave the wand of my jagged breath,
O'er its banks of crested snows;
And lo! the pillar tall and fair,
With many a quaint device,
Springs up in the grace of its beauty rare—
A column of fretted ice!

Oh the earth is calm in its silent rest,
When the south wind, soft and free,
Floats up like a cloud from the vineyards blest
Of the glowing Araby;
From the land where the myrtle and cypress wave
In the breath of the perfumed shore;
And the dallying breeze, where their waters lave,
Keeps time to the golden oar.

The earth is fair where the West wind blows,
When the wearied birds are mute;
And it sighs through the trees at evening's close,
To the tone of a minstrel's lute;
When the rays of the sun from his purple dome,
O'er the sunny South are shed,
And the peasant brings to his cottage home
The vintage ripe and red.

But the earth is dark where my foot has trod;
I twine no flowery wreath;
In the track of my path lies a blasted sod,
And the waste of a barren heath;
O'er the yellow harvest of waving grain
In my giant strength I ride,
And blackened and sere it lies dead on the plain,
In the wealth of its golden pride.

The mariner sings, for his heart is light,
When the south wind fills his sail,
And the good ship flies o'er the waters bright,
To the breath of the favoring gale.
But his song shall be of a weltering surge,
Of waves dashed mountain high,
When I chant o'er the ship its deathly dirge
To a moonless sea and sky.

When the rattling hail o'er the icy shroud,
And the wreck of a drifting mast,
Is poured o'er the deep from the angry cloud,
In the torrents thick and fast;
When the air-spirits shriek through the howling
storm,
And the water-fiends below
Bear away to their home the mariner's form,
Through the blackened waters' flow.

Then, crowned with my shadowy laurels, I flee
To my home on the snow-ridged peak,
As the eagle returns to his rock o'er the sea,
With the prey in his blood-crested beak:
The requiem bell from the coast is rung,
As I sweep o'er the ocean's bed,
And I hear the low chant by the choristers sung
For the rest of the sainted dead.

And I come not again till my banners fade,
And my starry spears grow dim—
Till the harvest is gone from the sunny glade,
Where floated the reaper's hymn—
Till the winter sun looks wearily forth,
And yieldeth his strength to me—
Then I sweep again from the frozen North,
O'er the waste of the trackless sea.

Boston, November, 1851.

S. D. C.

MINIATURE OF BURKE BY REYNOLDS.—Through the kindness of a friend I have just examined what I take to be an interesting and curious work of art, viz., a miniature of the great Edmund Burke, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and said to be the only miniature he ever painted. It is a small oval of ivory, executed in water-colors, and represents him past the meridian of life—his hair combed back from his ample forehead, and powdered; the coat (according to the fashion of the day) without a collar, and, as well as the waistcoat, of a chocolate color, a white stock, and the shirt-frill of lace; the features, although retaining great animation and intelligence, are round and plump. The painting is carefully and delicately finished.—M. W. B.—"Notes and Queries."

From the Spectator.

WARDROP ON DISEASES OF THE HEART.*

THIS volume is the result of many years' observation, experience, and reflection, not only on the diseases of the heart, but on the anatomy and physiology of that organ, as well in themselves as in physiological relation to other parts of the body, especially of the lungs and the cerebro-spinal system. Dr. Wardrop has carefully examined the structure of the heart, and of every other organ which appears to be influenced by the action of the heart, or to influence that action in return; and he has applied this knowledge of structure to a consideration of the various functions which structure is intended to fulfil. These inquiries, however important as extending our knowledge, and leading to new ideas upon the heart's action through the influence of the muscular, the pulmonary, and the cerebro-spinal system, are in a certain sense only abstract knowledge as regards anything but physiology; sometimes bearing as much upon natural theology as medicine. In Dr. Wardrop's hands this knowledge is introductory to the more useful subject of the discovery and treatment of disease. In this elaborate reproduction of his medical experience, it is probable that the author may speak with too great certainty as to some of his conclusions, and may seem (a common error) to ascribe too much effect to the causes of disease, to allow too little to the warding, balancing, and restoring powers of life, even when the particular life is not of the most vigorous kind. But the book is a remarkable example of patient observation, inventive reflection, and long-sustained philosophical investigation applied to a practical purpose.

The medical results of Dr. Wardrop's inquiries lead him to hold that functional diseases of the heart are much more common than is usually supposed; that they are easily discovered in an early stage, and amenable at any stage to medical treatment. His physiological conclusions are the grounds of his medical opinions, either directly or consequentially. "The musculo-cardiac, the pulmo-cardiac, and the veno-pulmonary functions" of the title-page form the direct base of his theory, which ascribes disorder of the *functions* of the heart to the continual changes of action to which it is subject, and to the influence exercised by other organs upon the circulation—that is, upon the heart. Of all the organs of the body, the lungs and heart alone never rest; for to stop is death. Not only is this incessant action going on, and in the heart with great muscular force, but both organs, and more especially the heart, are every moment liable to an irregular if not a disordered action, except during healthy sleep. The emotions of the mind, whether sorrowful, joyful, or passionate, instantly disorder its action; violent exercise or great bodily exertion has the same effect, and in these effects the lungs participate. The manner in which these actions are produced by the "musculo-cardiac" function—certain muscles when the heart requires an increased quantity of blood to stimulate its action compressing the vessels that pass within them, so as to furnish that supply—is traced with a minute and elaborate fulness. The author also unfolds his view of the

mode by which the "pulmo-cardiac" function relieves the heart when overcharged with blood through the violence of passion or exertion, by the pulmonary vessels receiving the surplus, and when they are full by the veins relieving the pulmonary vessels of any superabundant blood which they are not capable of receiving without interruption to respiration. The anatomical and physiological acumen which these expositions display are only appreciable by the anatomist; though this section of the book is very far from being a mere technical treatise. The simple yet all-sufficient means by which nature acts, the wonderful provisions by which she guards against deprivation where deprivation would be fatal, and the resources she supplies, as in the case of the "o'ercharged heart," are explained with the clearness though not with the objects of a Bridgewater Treatise. In explaining these adaptations, perhaps the author does not sufficiently impress their conservative effect upon the healthy subject and within certain limits; so that the text may seem to imply that a greater general probability to heart affections exists than is really the case. This, however, is a prevalent peculiarity in special treatises, and very difficult to guard against.

The original views of the action of the heart, and its important connection with other organs, of which we have barely indicated the character, form only a portion of the volume. The remainder is occupied by remarks on the influence of other and remoter organs of the body, on the derangements and diseases of the heart, on the general nature of medicines and treatment of disease, on disorders of the heart in general, and on all morbid conditions to which it is subject, as well as their symptoms and mode of treatment. Upon this large field we have not room to enter, even were a miscellaneous journal the place; but a few broad features may be noted. From the action and reaction of organs, it is not easy to discriminate between first and secondary affections of the heart; yet it is only in their early stages, and while the disorder is merely functional, that much hope of cure can be entertained; when alteration of structure has taken place, alleviation is all that can be looked for. It is, therefore, important to have some leading rules to assist the judgment on the particular case. If there be difficulty in deciding whether the lungs or the heart is the primary seat of the complaint, the size of the chest will be an indication; if large, it is probably the heart that is diseased—if small, the lungs. Languid or irregular respiration is a sign of heart disease; "respiration in pulmonary affections is only quickened." If the stomach seems to be the probable origin of disordered circulation, and signs of indigestion are present, the attention should be first directed to the stomach; for even if a complication with heart disease exist, the cure of indigestion will facilitate the future treatment of the heart disorder; if no symptoms of a deranged digestion are present, it is a sign that the disease of the heart is primal. There are numerous other leading rules, but we have adduced enough to show their nature.

The arrangement of the work is orderly and clear; its treatment elaborate to minuteness. This, coupled with the great extent of the leading subject, and the number of its collateral branches, produces a sense of length and ponderosity; of which, indeed, the author is aware, and which he sufficiently accounts for.

Impressed with the uncertainty of human life and

* On the Nature and Treatment of the Diseases of the Heart; containing also an account of the Musculo-cardiac, the Pulmo-cardiac, and the Veno-pulmonary Functions. By James Wardrop, M. D., &c. &c. Published by Churchill.

of the continuance of intellectual vigor, I am induced to offer the work in its present state, and must apologize for the numerous defects, and for the general manner in which some of the topics in it are discussed; for, although I have been long employed in collecting and condensing the materials of these pages, yet I am quite aware that, on a subject so comprehensive as that on which I profess to treat, with whatever industry I may be able further to prosecute it, the field of inquiry is far too extensive to be satisfactorily explored by any one individual.

Much indulgence may surely be with justice claimed by those who, towards the close of a long and busy life, devote a portion of their time to record the results of their experience and observation; and it is only to be regretted that, in a practical profession like that of medicine, so many of our most distinguished brethren have not left behind them even the most trifling memorial of all their labors; a circumstance much to be deplored in the lives of professional men, and which results, perhaps, too frequently from the desire which most of us feel to undergo less mental exertion and fatigue, and to enjoy more tranquillity and repose, as we advance in the vale of years.

This literary defect is, after all, a very secondary matter in a work whose object is to advance new views in physiology and to advocate a more philosophical treatment of disease, and which is intended for the study of the professional man and not the perusal of the general reader. From the nature of the case, the book must be recondite, and often technical; but it has parts and frequent passages of popularity. It abounds in facts, either common to physiological science or collected by the author's observation. It exhibits, as we have already intimated, the wonders of nature in her resourceful simplicity, her prescient precautions, her variations from established laws to carry out their ends; and it continually displays the character which Bacon ascribed to Galen, of a wise man as well as a physician. Of the manner in which Dr. Wardrop collects facts and expounds the operations of nature, this passage may be taken as an example.

In the arrangements of the animal economy, it may be frequently observed that one organ is destined to perform several distinct functions—functions, indeed, in some instances so dissimilar, and apparently so unconnected with one another, that it could not be well anticipated that they should be executed by the same physical apparatus. Thus, for example, the muscles of the jaw are not only employed to masticate the food, but they at the same time, and by the same muscular effort, evacuate the salivary glands, squeezing the saliva into the mouth by the pressure which they produce during their contractions on the salivary apparatus.

And the bones not only support the body like a framework, but they afford fixed points for the origin and insertion of the various muscles, and also form walls of defence for the internal organs, as the brain and the thoracic and pelvic viscera.

The functions of the respiratory apparatus are still more multiplied. Besides arterIALIZING the blood, conveying odorous substances through the usual passages to the organ of smell, assisting the return of the venous and expelling the systemic blood, and producing the voice, they also, as I shall subsequently endeavor to demonstrate, are employed in modifying the supply of blood to the heart. In birds we find that the functions of the respiratory apparatus are even more numerous; the air passing into membranous sacs within the chest and abdomen, as well as into their hollow bones, in order to assist their flight.

In like manner, we shall find that the voluntary muscles, besides being the active organs of motion, destined to perform the various movements of the body,

are essential auxiliaries in the circulation of the blood, in the arteries as well as in the veins, performing both these offices merely by the pressure which they produce during their contractions upon the adjacent vessels. And, further, when such muscular efforts are required, an additional vigor being at the same moment wanted for the heart, this office is performed by the same muscular contractions which are employed to accomplish the effort; and thus it is wisely constituted that the very same organs which perform the movements, and necessarily cause a certain degree of exhaustion, are also the means of invigorating the heart itself.

Among the means, says Dr. Wardrop, to influence the circulation and relieve the heart, not in the poetical though proper enough sense of "the spirits," are laughing, crying, weeping, sobbing, sighing, coughing, sneezing, hiccup, and vomiting; that which we suppose to be a mental being in part a mechanical, or at least a physiological action.

Crying, which consists in a succession of violent and long-protracted expirations, will have the effect, by diminishing the circulation in the pulmonary arteries, of unloading the left heart and large arteries of any surplus quantity of blood, caused by the action of the heart having been disturbed, whether by moral causes or from bodily pain; hence the relief which those who suffer mental affliction or bodily pain derive from crying—an act which is resorted to throughout the whole animal kingdom to relieve the heart from the hurtful effects of pain.

From the same cause arise the great languor in the circulation, and even the pernicious effects which have so often been known to follow the endurance of severe bodily pain without crying. A man who made no signs of great suffering during a military flogging dropped down lifeless.

We see many examples of crying in hysterical women; and the screams which are made from fear or from mental agony must have a powerful influence in unloading a congested heart.

Weeping, also, which consists in irregular respiration, either with or without crying, is an effort or voluntary act made to facilitate the pulmonary circulation and relieve that congestion in the heart which is caused by grief. Weeping, (observes Haller,) begins with a full inspiration, after which, follow short expirations and inspirations. It is finished by a deep expiration, and immediately followed by a deep inspiration.

Hence arise the baneful effects, and the sensation of fulness, "the fulness of heart," and even of pain in the cardiac region, so frequently experienced by those who have not wept when the mind has been greatly agitated.

Sighing appears also to be a movement employed by nature to relieve the heart from congestion. The full inspirations which are made in sighing, by withdrawing the venous blood from the head, will assist in restoring the balance of the circulation, both within the head and chest, when it has been destroyed by some violent mental emotion or bodily pain.

He sighed a sigh so porteous and profound, as it
Did seem to shatter all his bulk and end his being.

SHAKESPEARE.

The propriety of the following rule is generally admitted; but few, perhaps, carry it so far as Dr. Wardrop. Many physicians stop at food; civilized man having been trained to gormandize.

To enable the economy to perform some of the processes for restoring the healthy state of the blood, man appears to be endowed with *instincts*, by which he can make choice of such kinds of food and drinks as contain the elementary substances which are necessary in the chemico-vital laboratory, and enable it to form

such compounds as may be required for restoring the blood to a healthy state. This impulse prompts man to change his food when suffering from disease; and, however inconsistent or improper the food he selects may appear, the choice is always found to benefit and never to injure him.

To allow the sick to obey these instincts, is a very useful practical maxim; for when the most accomplished practitioner cannot presume to dictate either the kind or the quantity of food or drink, the sick man can with confidence select for himself such as are most palatable and grateful. Hence, amongst the sick, there are some who prefer animal to vegetable food, some salted to fresh meats, some fermented liquors, and others wines, some acidulated drinks, and others give the preference to plain water.

Disease of the heart would seem a product of high civilization. The savage is possibly heart-whole; so is the wild animal; the poor man is seldom afflicted with it; the victims are those who live artificially, excite the nervous system, and train the mind at the expense of the body.

Diseases of the heart may be considered almost exclusively incidental to mankind. In domestic animals, such as the horse, which is much exposed to inordinate muscular exertions, the heart is frequently found in a diseased condition; but in wild animals diseases of the vascular system have seldom or never been observed.

THE LATE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.

THE *Débats*, which was the semi-official organ of the Orleans dynasty, says:—"It is rarely in the destiny of public personages to soften hearts, and to excite sensibility. It appears that we are less moved and less affected by those grand misfortunes which participate in the generality of history than we are by private misfortunes. But when the immense mass of sorrow heaped on this august orphan, and the greatness and continuance of the misfortunes which have made her life a perpetual holocaust are considered, we cannot prevent ourselves from feeling a pious and respectful sentiment of pity. It is *apropos* to the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, that one might feel the same astonishment as Bossuet at the quantity of tears which the eyes of queens may contain. Her life may be summed up in one word—she was unfortunate from the first day of her existence to the last. Maria Theresa of France was thirteen years of age when she entered the Temple to share the captivity of her father, her mother, her brother, and her aunt. She saw successively fall around her all whom she loved; her father was guillotined on the 21st January, 1793; her mother shared a like fate on the 16th October, her aunt, Mme. Elizabeth, on the 9th May, 1794; her brother expired in his prison on the 8th June, 1795. Left alone of this group of victims, the young princess was only restored to liberty in December, 1795, when she was exchanged for the commissaries which Dumouriez had delivered up to the Austrians. Mme. Royale, as she was called, went first to Vienna; afterwards, in May, 1798, she rejoined her uncle, afterwards Louis XVIII., at Mittau, where she married her cousin, the Duke d'Angouleme, eldest son of the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. The Duchess d'Angouleme followed all the vicissitudes of the exiled family on the Continent, and afterwards in England, where she resided at Hartwell, in complete retirement, until the restoration. On the 4th May, 1814, she returned to Paris with Louis XVIII.

She was at Bordeaux when the emperor landed at Cannes. Forced again to quit the country, she returned to England, and again came back to Paris on 28th July, 1815. Fifteen years after, in the same month of July, a new revolution again drove her into exile; and at length, a few days since, having near her death-bed the Count de Chambord, her dear nephew and the heir of her long and glorious race, she terminated a life of virtues, of misfortunes, of prayer, and of sacrifice. We do not here recount the political life of the Duchess d'Angouleme. The truth has been formerly departed from in saying that she took an active part in public affairs. The same has been said of her unfortunate mother, and we have, on the contrary, lately seen from faithful recitals how much repugnance and dislike Marie Antoinette felt to politics. The tragical catastrophes in the midst of which the prisoner of the Temple had grown up must have inspired her with a deep disdain for earthly things. In the will of Louis XVI. we find these simple and sublime words: 'I recommend my children to my wife; I recommend her to make them regard the grandeurs of this world (if they are condemned to enjoy them) as dangerous and perishable advantages, and to turn their thoughts towards the only solid and durable glory of eternity.' The pious daughter of Louis XVI. obeyed this advice. She displayed as much heroic courage in the struggle as she showed resignation when God had pronounced her doom. Her life was one long and painful pilgrimage; it was one which might be called the road of the cross. There are existences which appear to be predestined by God to bear the weight of the faults of humanity—they are, if we may use the expression, chosen victims. In the horrible times through which the daughter of Louis XVI. passed, her tears were like an every-day offering for the expiation of the crimes which were committed around her. Even at a period when the accumulation of catastrophes and the philosophy of history have eventually tended to harden hearts, the death of Maria Theresa of France is a subject of general grief."

The *Pays*, a republican journal, pays an equally warm tribute. It says: "The Duchess d'Angouleme was the model of every virtue, sanctified by every misfortune. Her life was as irreproachable as her conscience. She had that greatness of soul which fortune could not degrade, and which reverses could not discourage. Inflexible as duty, she was always like herself as well in exile as in the palace of royalty. Her apparent rigidity was only the excess of her sorrow and of her resignation. Her heart was open to all that was noble and generous. French by blood, all her wishes were for her country; Christian by education, by misfortunes, and by convictions, all her ideas and all her hopes were in God. It is impossible that the last sigh of such a woman, far from France, should not cause an emotion in every heart, without exception of parties. France owes a reparation to that innocent and pure victim, who paid with her tears, with her griefs, with her exile, with her regrets, and with her death in a foreign land, for the triumph of the French revolution. This reparation France could not offer her by dispossessing herself of her proper sovereignty at the feet of the majesty in exile; but it may make it by depositing its homage of respect and admiration at the feet of the majesty of death. The Duchess d'Angouleme will live in history as one of the women who have the most honored her country and her day. Royalists or republicans, all will say and feel like us. This

homage is not inspired by the spirit of party, it is the spirit of justice. The republic, besides, should not be afraid of manifesting emotion in presence of this tomb. This emotion is honorable to it. It shows that in feeling itself strong, it no longer dreads feeling impartial. The republic does not, as it did formerly, exist only with distrust. Without ceasing to be inflexible, it has ceased to be cruel; and if it no longer recognizes rights as anterior and superior to those of France, it is sufficiently just to recognize and honor in the families which it has driven from the throne, those hereditary virtues which are no longer a menace for liberty, and will always be an honor for humanity. There is in this death another lesson of a more general and elevated order. The Duchess d'Angoulême was the last of the family surprised and struck by the French revolution. She alone could raise her head to curse it, and to throw upon it the stain of blood of her parents, which had fallen almost on her own hands. Noble and holy woman, this she has not done, and blessed be her memory for the forbearance! With the last royal victim of the first republic the sanguinary past belongs to history alone."

LAST MOMENTS OF THE COUNTESS DE MARNES (DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.)

The following interesting account has been transmitted to the Legitimist journals from Frohsdorf, by a member of the household of the late princess:—

On the 12th October, the Countess de Marnes appeared to be in the enjoyment of perfect health. The Frenchmen by whom she was surrounded at that period, and who had been drawn to Frohsdorf to render homage to her on the day of her *fête*, were astonished at witnessing the kind activity she displayed in showing them the environs of her residence, and at the vivacity with which she expressed her sentiments towards her country; they were only rendered sad when they heard her say with emotion, "Dear France! I am too old ever to see it again! May God protect it! and may my nephew one day be able to make it resume the course of its glorious destinies! The disinterested hope of a happiness which I shall not share in on earth suffices for my consolation." On that day she received a letter from the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the emperor, announcing her intention of visiting her on the occasion of her *fête*. "In the event of your being prevented from receiving me," said she, "I will delay my visit, but I do not renounce it; for, my dear aunt, I shall consider it a *fête* for me to see you." Alas! that *fête* was doomed to be cruelly disturbed. On the 18th, during mass, the Countess de Marnes felt the first symptoms of the disease which was fatal to her. Finding herself fainting, she left the chapel, but, struggling against her feelings, she went into the saloon some minutes after, in order not to cause alarm to her family. The paleness and contraction of her features alarmed us; the Count and Countess of Chambord begged her to return to her apartment, and sent for Baron Thévenot, her physician, who prescribed what he thought requisite for her. On the 14th the Archduchess Sophia and her suite arrived from Schönbrunn. The Countess de Marnes insisted on getting up to receive her; the physician was compelled to enforce his advice that she should remain in bed, which he said she could not leave without immediate danger. The archduchess came to see her in her bed-room; they had a long conversation together; the august invalid spoke freely, and with affection, of all that most interested the maternal heart of the archduchess. Illness seemed to have been

forgotten; it appeared as if it had yielded to medicine. On the 15th, the day of her *fête*, Monsignor Viale, the Apostolic Nuncio, came to visit her, and to celebrate mass at Frohsdorf. The Archduke Maximilian d'Este, also arrived to pay his respects to her, but Dr. Thévenot forbade her receiving any visitors, fearing the agitation which began to manifest itself, and was symptomatic of approaching fever. The Count and Countess of Chambord were alone permitted to offer her their congratulations; and this day, which was to have been such a happy one, was very melancholy. As a symbol of the destiny of this princess, her *fête* day was immediately followed by the terrible anniversary of the execution of Queen Marie Antoinette. This melancholy day, which she passed in mourning and in the most absolute solitude, recalled all the most painful reminiscences of her mind, and the most dangerous effects were anticipated. "Nothing shall prevent me," she said, "from going to-morrow to the chapel to render to the memory of my mother those duties in which I have never failed." During the night her illness increased in the most alarming manner; by the side of her bed watched Mme. de Sainte-Preuve, whom she had protected from her childhood, and who is the granddaughter of her governess, Mme. de Fréminville. "My dear child," said the countess to her, "we must part. Do you hear what is taking place in my chest? Do not deceive yourself; it is the death-rattle." Mme. de Sainte-Preuve, who was kneeling beside her bed, could not restrain her tears. "What is this that moistens my hands?" exclaimed the countess, in all the delirium of fever. She then prayed fervently, and said the litanies; she frequently repeated, "Holy patriarchs, holy angels, protect my nephew! Save France! My God, unworthy as I am, in your mercy receive my soul. Hear the prayer of your humble servant, who is on the threshold of eternity!" Notwithstanding the dreadful night she had passed, and the rattle which continued, she endeavored in the morning to get out of her bed, in order to go and pray for her mother. Her attendants succeeded in preventing her by saying that the nuncio was coming to perform the service for Marie Antoinette. "Express to him how grateful I feel to him," she replied. The Abbé Trébuquet then proposed to her to receive the communion; she joyfully acceded to this proposition, which restored calmness to her soul, and raised it towards God with the exalted piety for which she was remarkable. Dr. Seeburger, first physician of the emperor, came to unite his skill to that of Dr. Thévenot; they held a consultation on the state of the patient, and on the best means of saving her. They found that her disease was inflammation of the lungs, of such a violent kind as to be almost beyond the reach of medical treatment. During the night, however, and on the following morning, a favorable reaction appeared to manifest itself, which inspired some hope. Taking advantage of this unlooked for amelioration, the Countess de Marnes had herself moved on to a sofa, and carried into her saloon. She was, at her request, placed near her secretaire, the drawers of which she opened, in order to arrange her papers. She questioned me with perfect calmness and lucidity on all the affairs connected with the charitable establishment which she had placed under my direction, informing herself in detail of the interest of every one, even the most humble, and giving orders on some particular matters to her secretary, M. Sainte-Preuve. She afterwards asked me to read several letters which had been addressed to her, and gave me precise directions as to the answers to be sent. "Now," she said to me, "I wish to see Charles de Sainte-Maure; his presence reminds me of his excellent mother, whom I so much loved, and whose death was caused by her affection for me. You will afterwards call Stanislas de Blacas; I have some communications to transmit through him to his

brother and to his family. I should be also glad to see M. de Villette, but he is deaf; I should be obliged to raise my voice, and my chest is too fatigued; I am grieved at this, as he is so attached to my nephew. You will also call to me the good Mme. de Chabannes; I wish her to give news of me to Mme. de Rougé, who will be distressed at having left Frohsdorf at the moment I was taken ill. You will write to the Duchess de Lévis, and tell her how much I am gratified by her amiable letter, and her desire to see me again. I would see her myself with great pleasure, but I am so old and so ill! God's will be done! I will speak more fully on the subject to M. de Lévis." I brought the persons to her whom she had mentioned, and they stopped with her for a few minutes. After this, she said to me, "Now call M. Charlet to me, and tell him to bring all his papers with him; I have something to which I attach great importance to arrange with him, while I have yet strength." The matter in question was a list of unfortunate persons to whom she wished to send pecuniary assistance. Her last act was thus one dictated by that spirit of benevolence which had alleviated so many misfortunes. Dr. Thévenot begged her to remain quiet, as he apprehended a return of those symptoms which had so much alarmed us on the previous night. In fact, the fever had begun to reappear in the most alarming manner, and during the night her brain was affected. From that time she was constantly offering up prayers. "My God," she would exclaim, "I beg pardon for my faults; assist your humble servant at this moment, which is to decide my eternal state." Drs. Thévenot and Seeburger passed the night near her, employing all the resources of science in her behalf, but, alas! without success; her strength became exhausted, and her movements paralyzed. Nevertheless, when the Count de Chambord spoke to her, her intelligence seemed to revive; to that well-loved voice, she replied with maternal tenderness, "Adieu, I am exhausted." These were the last words she spoke. Madame de Sainte-Preuve, stooping over her bed, moistened the parched lips of the august patient; she understood her slightest movement, and attended to every look with the intelligent and tender zeal of a sister of charity watching an expiring mother. The Abbé Trébuquet read the prayers for the dying, which the Countess followed with great fervor, but the rattle became every moment weaker. The Count and Countess de Chambord, with all the household friends and dependents, were on their knees at prayer. A sudden and deep silence chilled every heart. Over the head of the dying countess was a painting representing the consoling angel pointing out to Louis XVI. the glory of heaven. The worthy priest raised his arms and the cross towards this painting, thus uniting the idea of the great expiation of Calvary with the painful souvenirs of the 21st January, and the present sacrifice of proscribed virtue expiring in exile. Our hearts understood his feelings, and repeated with him, "Daughter of Saint Louis, and of Louis XVI., ascend to heaven."

The following is the last will and testament of the Duchess d'Angoulême:—

In the name of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!—

I submit myself in all things to the will of Providence; I do not fear death, and, notwithstanding my little merit, I trust entirely to the mercy of God, at the same time beseeching Him for time and grace to receive the last sacraments of the church with the most fervent piety.

I die in the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion, in which I have lived as faithfully as it was possible for me to do, and to which I owe all the consolations of my life.

After the example of my parents, I pardon with all my soul, and without exception, all those who have

injured or offended me, sincerely praying to God to extend to them his mercy, as well as to myself, and beseeching him to pardon all my faults.

I thank all Frenchmen who have remained faithful to my family and to myself, for the proofs of devotedness which they have given us, and for the sufferings and afflictions to which they have been subjected on our account.

I pray God to spread his blessings on France, which I have always loved, in the midst of my most bitter afflictions.

I thank the Emperor of Austria for the asylum which he has given in his states to my family and to myself. I am grateful for the proofs of interest and of friendship which I have received from the imperial family, particularly under the most painful circumstances. I am also sensible of the sentiments which a great number of his subjects, particularly the inhabitants of Goritz, have manifested towards me.

Having always considered my nephew Henri and my niece Louise as my children, I give them my maternal benediction; they have had the happiness of being brought up in our holy religion. May they always remain faithful to it—may they always be the worthy descendants of Saint Louis! May my nephew devote his faculties to the accomplishment of the great duties which his position imposes on him! May he never depart from the paths of moderation, of justice, and of truth!

I constitute my nephew Henri, Count de Chambord, my universal legatee.

I wish my remains to be deposited at Goritz, in the tomb of the Franciscans, between my husband and my father. I do not wish any solemn service to be performed for me, but only masses for the repose of my soul.

The above will is followed by legacies to several old servants, to the poor, and other souvenirs of affection.

Is what part or section of society is there not a vast preponderance of aristocratic influence? Where will Mr. Fox not find the worship of rank? He complains of the number of lords in the House of Commons, and refers their presence to corruption; but where there is no corruption, or no corruption of the nature which Mr. Fox has in view, does he not also note the aristocratic ascendancy? In what company, however radical, will he find the lord thrust to the bottom of the table? and how few are the meetings, scientific, philanthropic, social, or political, in which the lord who is one of the number is not elected to the honors of the chair, no matter what wiser and better men may be present? Foreigners are much struck with the English homage to rank, which they know not how to reconcile with the manlier national characteristics. Some years ago Cuvier visited this country, accompanied by a young nobleman. On the other side of the water all the honor had been between Currier's, and the nobleman's honor had been the honor of being the chosen companion of the man of science; but to the awkward distress of the marquis, he found their relations reversed the moment he touched the British soil, and he became the great man whose opinions and wishes were consulted on all subjects, and Cuvier was depressed to the humble companion. The young noble was intensely ashamed of his own false position, and blushed for the servile respect misbestowed on himself, while the distinguished man at his side was comparatively neglected.—*Examiner*.

The question between France and Germany relative to the navigation of the Rhine is expected to be settled definitively before the 1st of January. Meanwhile Bavaria, Baden, Nassau, and Hesse have agreed to admit France to the enjoyment of equal rights of navigation on that stream up to December 31.—*Id.*

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

RAVE over other lands and other seas,
 Ill-omen'd black-wing'd breeze !
 But spare the friendly sails that wait away
 Him who was deemed the prey
 Of despot dark as thou—one sending forth
 The torturers of the north,
 To fix upon his Caucasus once more
 The demi-god who bore
 To sad humanity Heaven's fire and light,
 Whereby should reunite
 In happier bonds the nations of the earth ;
 Whose Jove-like brow gave birth
 To that high wisdom, whence all blessings flow
 On mortals here below.
 Rack not, O Boreal Breeze, that laboring breast
 On which, half-dead, yet rest
 The hopes of millions, and rest there alone.
 Impiously every throne
 Crushes the credulous ; none else than he
 Can raise and set them free.
 O bear him on in safety and in health !
 Bear on a freight of wealth
 Such as no vessel yet hath ever borne ;
 Although with banner torn
 He urges through tempestuous waves his way ;
 Yet shall a brighter day
 Shine on him in his own reconquered field ;
 Relenting fate shall yield
 To constant virtue. Hungary ! no more
 Thy saddest loss deplore ;
 Look to the star-crown'd Genius of the West,
 Sole guardian of the oppress'd.
 O ! that one only nation dared to save
 Kossuth, the true and brave !

W. S. LANDOR.

THE CITY SPRING.

To the Editors of the Home Journal :

Messrs. Editors,—As there are doubtless many of
 your subscribers scattered through our vast republic,
 to whom the Baltimore City Spring is replete with
 delightful associations, the re-publication of these
 poems in your widely disseminated journal may af-
 fect pleasure to some exile from his native home :

AND art thou flowing still, old fount,
 As when thy stream of yore
 To its old barrel's brim would mount,
 And, sparkling there, run o'er ?

Not thence in marble channel led,
 With art's cramped arch on high,
 Its course was nature's gravelled bed,
 Its roof the boundless sky.

"Us boys" were not forbid to rove,
 Or do as we might please ;
 For thou hadst then no stately grove,
 No fence, no walks, no trees.

No keeper's frown ; no placard's threat,
 Repressed our sports and glee,
 Though often, when we went home wet,
 We'd rue our pranks with thee.

I'd love, if thou could'st speak, to hear
 The tales thy tongue might tell ;
 They'd come as grateful to my ear
 As notes from that "old bell."

A thousand scrapes, ten thousand joys,
 Thy chronicles contain ;
 The old-town and the new-town boys
 Would live and fight again.

And pretty girls would gather round,
 Who oft have dealt the prize
 That fists as well as lance have found—
 The light from Beauty's eyes.

Not Froissart's tales of war and love,
 On which I'm wont to pore,
 Could so my yearning fancies move
 As thy collected lore.

They've hid from us thy place of birth,
 And now, through mouths of brass,
 Thy formal streamlets, issuing forth,
 To marble basins pass.

A ponderous ladle's by thy side,
 For all who seek thy brink ;
 And well-dressed folk descend with pride
 Thy marble steps, to drink.

Not thus, when all thy gifts were free,
 Steps, ladle, pride unknown,
 The homage then of bended knee
 Made thy cool flood our own.

Thou'rt changed, old friend, and so am I,
 Since first our course began ;
 Thou'rt now a thing of majesty,
 And I an exiled man.

A temple rears o'er thee its crest,
 With columns, frieze and dome ;
 A cottage, in the far, far West,
 Is now my humble home.

Well, be it so ; I yet may fill
 This iron cup of thine,
 Nor wish it lethan ; no, not till
 Some sterner lot is mine.

No—not while friends leave death's cold vale,
 And smiling, meet my call,
 And living loves my presence hail
 In home, in hearts, and hall.

W. E. B.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ELOPEMENT AT DUNGAR-
 VAN.—The *Waterford News* contains the following
 from a correspondent at Dungarvan :—On the even-
 ing of the 10th instant, a quiet and peaceable neigh-
 borhood, not twenty miles from this town, was thrown
 into the deepest melancholy and sorrow, on under-
 standing that a respectable farmer, turning the sear
 of life, had made his exit to the land of freedom with
 a young and lovely fair one, aged about nineteen
 years, leaving a wife and two children bewailing his
 loss, and perhaps to end their days in some of the
 Irish bastiles uncared and unsought for. The follow-
 ing is a verbatim copy of a letter which the wife re-
 ceived on the 16th instant :—

Liverpool, Oct. 13, 1851.

"My dear Margaret,—I have arrived in Liverpool
 safe, on board the Iron Duke, in company with Miss
 —, after a very violent and stormy passage of 48
 hours, destined for the land of freedom. I hope you
 are not angry with me, my dear Margaret ; as I have
 left you as my 'better part' behind, I trust it will
 make ample provision for its own offspring. As for
 my part, as soon as I am united to my young fair one
 at the other side of the Atlantic, I shall have a sweet
 paradise of my own for the remainder of my days, and
 shall labor most strenuously, to endeavor to please
 and support her. Be assured, my dear Margaret,
 when God sends me anything, I will not forget you
 and the children. Give my love and best respects to
 all inquiring friends, and tell them that I will always
 kindly remember them when far away.

"I remain, not yours, &c.,

"_____"

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